A Christian turnd Turke:

OR,

The Tragicall Liues and Deaths of the two Famous Pyrates,

WARD and *DANSIKER*.

As it hath beene publickly Acted.

WRITTEN
By ROBERT DABORN, Gentleman.

Nemo sapiens, Miser est.

LONDON,
Printed by for *William Barrenger*, and are to be sold at the great North-doore of *Pauls*. 1612.

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MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

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To the Knowing Reader.

AS no argument more proueth the excellency of Poesy then the contempt is throwne vpon it by silken gulls and ignorant Cittizens, so there is no blemish taketh from the beauty of this onely All-comprehending-art, so much as the same where-with her owne professors brand her, for I may truely vary that of the Tragœdian, Quemcunq; poëtam vides, miserum dicas, I speake it especially in regard of that free title better times allowed this heauenly Science, now made captiue by each vnworthy hand; in recouery whereof I haue, so farre as my weake power extended, procured the publishing this oppressed and much martird Tragedy, not that I promise to my selfe any reputation hereby, or affect to see my name in Print, vsherd with new praises, for feare the Reader should call in question their iudgements that giue applause in the action; for had this wind moued me, I had preuented others shame in subscribing some of my former labors, or let them gone out the in diuels name alone: which since impudence will not suffer, I am content they passe together; it is then to publish my innocence concerning the wrong of worthy personages, together with doing some right to the much-suffering Actors that hath caused my name to cast it selfe in the common rack of censure, accompanied with so weak comforts, as this Triuiall worke can giue it, and that my gratitude may be in the first place, I must in dispight of any iustly neglected

Cynicke confesse to haue receiued so much worthy respect, & approued so much generous honesty in thē, that with any indifferent hazard, I will study to make good their losse, and my gratitude. I write this, led by no Mercinary hopes to share in their Fortunes, which hath so put out somes eyes, that measuring others sight by their owne weakenesse gaue her out for blind; but led by that spirit knoweth no sinne equall to ingratitude: As for the former imputation, granting all obiections, I cleere my selfe by these two positions, No man can faine any ill of a Parricide, *the greater alway including the lesse; this being so tollerable, especially in Oratory, which is an vnseparable branch of Poesy, that it subsists not without aggrauation; the second is,* No man can intitle another to his crimes, *for,* Alia est cognatio culpæ, alia sanguinis, *from which I so farre abhorre, as my owne discent is not obscure but generous, if this will not giue satisfaction, know I liue vnder too safe a law to feare the stab of a Rouing boy, and for any wrong,* Equo marte, *I forgiue it, daring thus far to boast my knowledge, that I cannot be a coward, I write succintly, knowing the bounds of an Epistle, the rather because I wish no other perusers, then those to whom I dedicate my selfe: though herein I speak against the Printers profit, if these accept my impolished labours, I promise the next shall be coockt for the stomacks of the Criticall, messe it selfe.* Sanabimur si separemur a cœtu.

The

The Prologue.

ALL faire content dwell here, & may our ſtraines
Giue you that choice delight which crownes our paines.
Our ſubiect's low, yet to your eyes preſents
Deeds high in bloud, in bloud of Innocents:
Tranſcends them low, and your invention calles
To name the ſinne beyond this blacke deed falles.
What heretofore ſet others pennes aworke,
Was *Ward* turn'd Pyrate, ours is *Ward* turn'd Turke.
Their triviall Scœnes might beſt affoord to ſhow
The baſeneſſe of his birth, how from below
Ambition oft takes roote, makes men forſake
The good the'enioy, yet know not. Our Muſe doth take
A higher pitch, leauing his Pyracy
To reach the heart it ſelfe of villany.
VVhat to that period makes the neereſt way,
Our Scœne purſues, you muſt ſupoſe his ſtay
Hath lately beene vpon the Iriſh Shore,
VVhere wanting men he inuites ſome ſtrangers ore
Into his Barke, in height of wine and game,
He ſlips his anchor, and reveales his name.
There fate ſucceedes, and to your gentle view
VVe giue not what we could, but what know true.
Our Ship's aflote, we feare nor rockes nor ſands,
Knowing we are inviron'd with your helping hands.

Drammatis Personæ.

VVard. }
Dansiker. }
Francisco. } *Captaines.*
Fredericke. }
Gismund. }
} *Christians.*
Ferdinand. }
Albert. } *Gentlemen.*
Carolo. }
Sismund. }
Raymond, *his two sons.* }

Viceroy. }
Crosman. } *Turkes.*
Mufty. }

Benwash. }
Rabshake. } *Iewes.*
Ruben. }

Alizia, *A Christian woman.*

Agar. } *Turkish women.*
Voada. }

Turkes Officers, Sailers.

A Christian turn'd Turke.

Act. 1. Scœn. 1.

Enter Ward, Gismund, Albert, Ferd. Sailers rise from a Table.

Ward.

I'Le play no more.

Ferd. Set but my hand out, heer's 400. Crowns vnloſt yet, Fortune may make them yours.

Gism. Fortun's a Bitch, a meere ſtrumpet, ſhe hath turn'd vp the Ace ſo long, I haue ne'r an eye to ſee with, ſhe hath ſok't me.

Alb. We came aboard to venture with you,
Deale Merchant-like, put it vpon one maine,
And throw at all.

Ferd. One caſt, and we will leaue you.

Gis. Leaue vs yet? we haue a caſt worth two of the reſt.

Alb. 'Tis ſet, throw at it gentle Sir.

Ward. We ſhall haue time enough hereafter,
You are too violent.

Gism. I feare you'l not be halfe ſo forward anon when we ſhould vſe you.

Sail. A ſaile, a ſaile, a ſaile.

Omn. Shoute.

Ward. Why ſtand you ſo amaz'd? conceiue you not the language of the Sea?

Gism. Now you may shew your selues gamesters,
You shall haue your bellies full of hazard.

Ferd. We are betraid.

Alb. Are you not Merchant-men?

Gism. How else? and deale by whole-sale, take vp much at a long day. Do you know this honourable shape? Heroicke Captaine WARD, Lord of the Ocean, terror of Kings, Landlord to Merchants, rewarder of Man-hood, conqueror of the Westerne world, to whose followers the Lands and Seas pay tribute, and they to none, but once in their liues to the manor of *Wapping*, and then are free euer after. This is he my noble mummers.

Alb. We are for euer lost.

Ferd. If't be our moneyes that you covet, willingly wee giue it vp, onely depriue vs not of our faire home, our Country: do but land vs.

Ward. Know we haue other vse for you,
Haue not intic'd you hither for your gold,
It is the man we want. Is't not a shame,
Men of your qualities and personage,
Should liue as cankers, eating vp the soile
That gaue you being, like beasts that ne're looke further
Then where they first tooke food, that men call home,
Which giues them meanes equall vnto their minds,
Puts them in action.

Gism. True, who is't would not smile
To heare a Souldier, that hath nothing left
But misery to speake him man, can shew
More markes then pence, vpon whose backe contempt
Heapes on the weight of poverty. Who would not smile
To heare this peece of wretchednesse boast his wounds?
How farre he went to purchase them? with what honour
He put them on? and now for sustenance,
Want of a little bread, being giving vp
His empty soule, should ioy yet that his Country
Shall see him breath his last: when that aire he termes his
Vngratefully doth stifle him.

Ferd.

Ferd. You tell vs of a gulfe, which to eschew,
You dash vs gainst a rocke more full of feare,
Of danger: for we should call that action,
Which giues vnto posterity our name
Writ in the golden lines of honour, where this brands
Our fore-heads with the hatefull name of theues, of robbers.
Piracy, it's theft, most hatefull, swallowes vp
The estates of Orphanes, Widowes, who borne free,
Are thus made slaues, inthral'd to misery,
By those that should defend them, at the best.
You rob the venting Merchants, whose manly breast
Scorning base gaine at home, puts to the maine
With hazard of his life and state, from other lands
To enrich his owne, whilst with vngratefull sands
He thus is ouerwhelm'd.

Gism. These children haue bin at S. *Antlins*,
They'l perswad's out of our profession.
A plague vpon this Schollership,
One man that savours of an Vniversity,
Is able to infect a whole Navy with cowardize.

Ferd. Cowardize? thou lyest: ther's not a man here dares lesse then thy selfe.

Gism. Zounds Il'e try that.

Ward. Hold, or by all my hopes, who makes next proffer
Falles on my sword. If you will try your valours
The enemy is at hand. As for your vertuous lectures,
We are Mariners, and Souldiers, not tatter'd yet
Inough to heare them, though in time we might
Be apt for such tongue-comfort, being sway'd
By your directions.

Within. A saile, a saile, a saile. *Enter Sailer.*

Ward. How? more sailes yet?

Sail. The first that we descri'd, doth beare a head,
And as it seemes, pursued by a man of warre,
They make with vs for succour.

Gism. Yes, wee'l succour her, and sucke her too, as drye as a Vsurers palme.

Al. Nay, then we are put from shore.
Gis. Without ken boyes, more sails, the least delay.
O lets turne Serving-men, the trencher hold
Whilst others eate the meate.
Ward. Away, make ready for the fight.
Gis. Courage braue sparks, now to gain wealth, or graues:
To dye in peace fits beasts, and abiect slaues.
Fer. Thou needst not feare the curse, bloud-thirsty monster.
Oh that our better part should thus be captiu'd
By sence and will! who like a ship vnman'd,
That's borne by motion of the violent waues
And giddy winds, doth seeme to make a course
Direct and punctiue, till we see it dash
Against some prouder Sylla, and display
How much she inward wanted to her sway.
Al. You haue well describ'd him: but to our owne fortunes.
Fer. We must obey necessitie, since 'tis our fates
To be surpriz'd thus, by this monster beast.
We must as did that Captaine, so much famed,
Lick the fierce Lyons feet, till happier times
Do giue vs freedome in his punish't crimes.
Al. You haue well aduis'd. *Fortune* in spight of thee,
How ea'r my body's thrald, my minde rests free.
Fer. This stand our comfort: we may happen be
The *Chorus* onely to their Tragedy. *Exits.*

Scœne. 2.

Enter Lemot, *his sister* Alizia, *putting on the weed of a Sailers boy*, *Monsieur* Davy, *and Sailers.*

Lem. Vnfortunate sister, my heart dissolues to bloud,
And payes sad tribute to thy sadder griefes.
Nay, make no period, our woes are not at full,
Hymen did ne're behold so blacke a nuptiall.
Alas! with our delay we hasten misery,
See how they beare vp to vs. Deere sister hide

At least thy sex, though not thy sorrow.
Aliz. Wretched *Alizia*, little thinkes yong *Raymond*
His Brid's so neere vnto captivity.
Be gentle yet you seas, and swallow me,
Since I am denyed his armes, let my virginity
Be offred vnto him in sacrifice.
'Twill be some comfort, his loue a maiden dies.
Lem. Nay then thou cleau'st my soule, do not distrust
Chast thoughts are guided by a power, that's iust.
My worthy friends, yet what perswasion needs
To stirre vp valour where necessity
And iustice of our cause, in basest spirits.
Would strike a fire to kindle cowardize?
Three daies we haue been pursued by a Dutch Pyrat,
And now we are falne vpon no lesse a monster.
Me thinkes I see your eyes darting forth flames
Like Lyons in their chase, the greedy hunter
Seeming to warme that bloud, whose heate and rage
Proues his destruction.

Enter Ward, Gismund, *Sailers aboue.*

Gism. Hoy,
Lem. Not ready yet? alas thou wilt betray
Thy selfe vnto their lust.
Aliz. Rather to death: Nature this comfort gaue,
No place so miserable, but yeelds a graue.
To wretchednesse.
Gis. Hoy, of whence your ship, and whither are you bound?
Davi. We are of *Marcelles*, bound for *Normandy*.
Of whence are you?
Gism. We are of the Sea.
Sail. The Diuell land you. (side.
Gism. Bring your maister a boord, or wee'l giue you a broad
Lem. As you are men I do coniure your valours.
Aliz. As you are vertuous keepe from slavery.
A hapless, hapless maid.
Davi. Misdoubt it not faire-maid,
Ther's not a man heere, but well knowes how much.

He hath aduantage of his enemy,
A race of theeues, Bankroupts, that haue laien
Vpon their countries stomacke like a surfet,
Whence being vomited they striue with poysonous breath
To infect the generall aire: Creatures that stand
So far from what is man, they know no good,
But in their prey, nor for necessity
But for meere hate to vertue, pursuing vice,
And being downe themselues would haue none rise.

Gism. The curs are sure asleepe, wee'le waken 'em,
Gunner giue fire.

Lem. In their owne language answere them.

Gism. Zounds do they beginne to prate, haue with you, lace the netting, let downe the sights, make ready the small shot, gunner, giue them a broad side, wee'le prate with 'em: A starre board there.

Lem. Braue countrymen, (care,
Thinke through how many dangers, with what sweate, what
How long expence of time, we haue bene getting (to vs
Those goods these Robbers fight for, that should make good
The sweete of iust indeauours, looke on this maid,
Thinke with what honourable welcomings,
You shall deliuer her to her betrothed husband,
How much you shall ingage him, lastly, thinke that you see,
Euen all the miseries dispised pouerty
Can throw on men, that by this one houres valour
We onely can redeeme our selues from death
Oh thinke how happy 'tis to innocence,
Whereunto guilty soules it lookes black and feareful:
At least let this al thoughts of feare dispell,
Truth fights gainst theft, and heauen opposes hell.

Omnes. Wee are resolued S. *Dennis* victory.

Lem. A constant breast may fall, but cannot dye, *Exit.*

Enter Ward *with a slaine friend, and* Ferdinand.

Ward. Recall thy spirit braue friend, a while, yet stay,
At least beare thy reuenge hence with thee.

Ferd.

Ferd. He hath loſt all motion.

Ward Iniurious heauen that with ſo excellent matter
As is our ſoule, didſt mingle this baſe mould,
So fraile a ſubſtance earth, as if thou hadſt fram'd man
The ſubiect of thy laughter, gau'ſt him a ſpirit
Free, vnbounded, whoſe firy temper breakes
Through all the clouds of danger, dares euen heauen,
Swels and beares high, when with one little pricke
This buble breakes, diſplaies a vanity,
Ridiculous vanity, this building
That hath bene twenty and odde yeares a rearing,
One blaſt thus laies it flat, I could en'e tremble,
To thinke that ſuch a coward I beare about me,
As is this fleſh, that for ſo ſmall a wound
Betrayes our life.

Ferd. This ſhewes ſir, nature neare intended man,
Other then as ſhe ſent him to the world,
All vnoffenſiue, vnarm'd: when vnto beaſts,
She gaue the meanes to hurt as to defence,
The armour ſhe gaue man was innocence.

War. True, there was ſome other end in our creation
Then to be that which men terme valiant.

Ferd. There was. *Enter Giſmond.*

Giſm. Courage braue ſparkes the ſlaues beginne to faint,

Ferd. It is his euill ſpirit ſure that in this likeneſſe hants him

Ward. See where he lies.

Giſ. S'foot we ſhall ſhare the more ſir, I alwaies thought
Fortune had markt him out to dye by the French.
He had ſo much of the Engliſh ſpirit in him. *Exit*

Ward. Fortune! true, the fate of man is fixt,
Vnmoueable as the pole: how idle then were he
Should ſtriue to croſſe vnuoided deſteny?
And thinke to ſtay his courſe, ſeeing we are ſway'd
As are the motionary ingines of a clocke,
By the dull weight that ſtill doth downeward tend,
Till it ſtrike earth, and ſo there motion end.

Ferd. Giue me the hearing Sir.

Ward.

Ward. Perſwade no more, we haue no will to act,
Or not to act more, then thoſe orbes we ſee,
And planetary bodies, which in their offices
Obſerue the will of fate: the difference is,
They are confin'd, we are not: they are ſtars fixt,
We wandring. Runne on thou purple line
That draw'ſt my liues fate out, thou that doſt frowne
Vpon the births of men, now *Saturne* ſmile.
Thoſe vnder milder Planets borne liue, ſeruile: good;
Mars cal'd our Birth, my race ſhall be through bloud *Exit*

Ferd. Abuſed knowledge that firſt werſt giuen to man
A light, now helpſt to dazell him, and what ere want
Befall through our owne imperfect iudgement,
Vnbridled will the throw on fortune, chance,
I ſee mans happineſſe, were his ignorance, *Exit.*

Within Gallop.

Gallop. A board, a board, a board.

Lar. Deere ſir withdraw, you are depriu'd of ſight

Lem. So much the better, I ſee no feare in fight,
Courage braue countrymen: what's natures part
May fall; what's heauens can neuer, it is the ods
That iuſt men haue of bad, ſtill to the gods
They ſtand or fall.

Gallop. Enter, Enter. Enter.
Zounds the ſlaue winkes and fights.

Ward. A Ward, A Ward, A Ward, *ſhoute.*
Downe with them, downe with them, away let him go ouer-bord, where he a ſecond *Alexander*, ther's not a man of them liues, but ſhall go ouer-board, wee'le offer them to our deceaſſed frindes in ſacrifice.

Aliz. My brother, my deere deere brother.

2. *Gent.* There were no conſcience, no religion in't,

Gallop. How? Conſcience, were't but to baniſh thoſe two words they ſhall go ouer-board.

War. They ſhall go ouer-board: ſuppoſe I ſpeake the contrary.

Gallop. My Captaine, my man of warre ſpeake the contra-

ry.

ry they are as safe as the great Turke.

Ward. Now they shall ouer-board.

Gallop. Out-swagered?

Ward. How many French are left?

Gism. There's onely fiue of foure and twenty liuing.
Neuer did men with equall spirit stand,
A day so blacke and stormy: rob not your selfe then,
Of so braue witnesses of this daies valour.

Ward. How? dare you sir giue vs directions?

Gism. How dare I sir? I am a Gentleman
Equall vnto your selfe.

Ward. Take that now, I am before you,

Gism. You are, I'le not be long behind you.

Ward. Know, that our word shall be a law,

Gallip. That may be, for he hath had conscience by the eares already.

Ward. Hoyst me a vessell vp of Maligo,
Wee'le drinke a health vnto the wandring ghosts
Of our slaine followers, and euery draught
The Cannon makes report off, a French-man
Shall ouer-board, who to our friends may tell,
We dranke a rowse to them,

Ferd. As low as hell. *Enter Sailer.*

Sail. *Francisco* Captaine of the man of warre, pursu'd our prize, hath set a Pinace forth, who according to the custome of the sea, demands halfe of the spoyle, to your demand hee threatens instant fight, force against force, or if you dare to accept it, he makes you offer of single opposition.

Ward. Accept it? he could not name that honour
We couet more, reward the messenger,
They two shall be the hostages
For the equall triall, what's his weapon?
Where the place of fight?

Sail. His weapons are sword and dagger, the place
Here on our hatches, both our shippes being grappled,
The oath on each side giuen, who conquers the other
Shares the whole booty.

Ward. Agreed we seale to his condition,
Franciſco call you him? I emulate
His daring ſpirit.
Gallop. Fortune ſhapes our reuendge you ſee.
Ferd. What need you giue your ſelfe vnto this danger,
When in our generall ſtrength we haue aduantage?
Ward. I prithee do not moue my patience. I ſcorne to take
From others to my riſing, he's onely worthy ſtate
From fortunes wheele plucke's boldly his owne fate,
And heere's an arme ſhall do't.
2. *Gent.* You ſee his inſolence how he contemnes vs.
Ferd. No more, we are agreed.
Siſ. How ſhall we hinder their purſuite?
Gallop. When both the ſhips are grappled, priuately
Wee'le cut their hauſers, the wind blows faire
To giue our leſſer barke aduantage, 'tis not ten leagues
To *Tunis*, where entred, we are as ſafe,
As in a tower of braſſe.
Siſ. How if we ſhoote him, as we make away?
Gallop. By no meanes t'ſhall be *Franciſcoes* taske
To cut his throate, this makes our reuenge full,
We ſhare the priſe he fights for
Siſ. Rare gull! we are all firme and ſecret,
Omnes. All.
Gall. So that I riſe, let the world ſinke, heauen fall.
Ward. My merit: ſhall I thrall them? the ſway of things,
Belongs to him dares moſt, ſuch ſhould be Kings,
And ſuch am I, what nature in my birth
Denied me, fortune ſupplies: this maxime I hold,
He liues a ſlaue, that liues to be contrould,
But ſee the man whoſe ruine crownes me. *Enter Frau.*
Fra. Art thou the chiefe and guider of this Bark?
Ward, The ſame ſir.
Fran. May I impute it to your ignorance
In Marines actions, or the daring ſpirit,
That barres my right in thy atchieued priſe.
Ward. This makes you anſwere, what do you ſee in me,

Doth

Doth promise I should be the sutler sir,
Fetch you prouision in.
Fran. A little calmer sir, you are not now in *Kent*,
Crying herrings seuen a peny, nay we haue heard of you;
You can baule well, you haue seru'd a prentisship
Vnto the trade, affrighting of whole streetes
With your full Oyster voyce.
Ward. Damnation!
Fran. Poore fishers brat, that neuer didst aspire
Aboue a muscle boate, that wert not borne
Vnto a fortune boue two cades of sprats,
And those smoakt in thy fathers bed-chamber;
That by a beggar in meere charity
Being made drunke, steed of a mariner
Wert stole aboard, and being awake didst smell
Worse then thy shell commodity at midsummer,
That desperate through feare wert made a Captaine,
When to haue bene a shoare againe, thou wouldst haue turn'd
Swabber vnto a Peter-man.
Ward. By all my hopes thou hadst bene better dig'd
Thy grandsirs Vrn vp and haue swallowed it.
Fran. Thou bark'st too much to bite.
Ward. Cleere the deck there, each man bestow himselfe
Sis. It's done, there hauser's cut without descry,
Gall. Away, farewell braue Captaine, conquest sits on thy (brow.
Ward. Leaue me, I say
Gall. Th'wert neuer gull'd till now. *Exit.*
Fran. Giue a charge there, say your prayers Knight, doom's day is nie *fight.*
Ward. True it sinks thee to hel, whilst thus it beares me high.
Stand'st thou so long, thou hast some inchantment sure,
Or haue I lost my wonted vigor?
Fran. Flatter no more thy selfe, wilt thou deliuer
A moyty of thy prise vp?
Ward. Yes, thus thou shar'st it: Damnation! *his sword fals.*
Oh that my gall could spoute out through mine eyes
A poysonous vapour to put out your lights,

And in a vale of darkenesse leaue the world.
Fran. Wilt thou yet yeeld me right?
Ward. Know *Francisco*,
Wert thou an army that imcompast me,
I would breath defiance to thee, and with this arme,
As shot from out a cannons mouth, thus would I make
A way through death and danger.
Fran. I do applaud thee, and that thou well maist know
All valor's not confin'd within thy breast *He flings away*
I thus oppose thee, fortune shall haue no share *his sword, and*
In what I conquer. *after looseth his dagger.*
Ward. Why, now I enuy thee, thy life is mine,
Fran. Take it I dare thy let.
Ward. Not for the world, thus I returne thy debt:
Not onely in the prise but in my selfe
Thou hast an equal share, henceforth I vow the brother-hood.
Fran. Your loue, I aske no more. *Enter Ferd.*
Ferd. You need not, there's one gone before
Takes order for your share.
Ward. Whether makes the slaues, where's *Gallop*?
Ferd. Posting as fast as his sailes wil beare him.
Ward. Incarnate Diuell forth-with giue them chase,
Why mou'st not?
Sail. They haue cut our hausers we cannot budge a foot.
Ward. The death of slaues pursue him.
Fran. You are too violent.
Ward. To be baffled by a Cur, a foysting hound
My Zani: A creature without a soule
Made to mocke man with.
Fran. Forbeare I say, and let vs turne our anger
On the next passenger.
Ward. Might I but liue to see the dog-fish once againe.
Fran. Neare doubt it sir, next prise we take forth-with
Wee'le make to *Tunis*, meane time let reuenge sleepe
Those tides most violent are, which winds backe keep,
Ward. For this alone I vow, whom next I meete
Shall feele my fury, nation nor quallity

Shall be their priuiledge, my ſword now vengeance craues,
And who eſcape this do worſe, I'le ſell for ſlaues. *Exeunt.*

Scœn. 3.

Enter Danſiker, *three or foure Sailers*, Lief: Danſiker *reads a letter.*

Leif. What newes braue Captaine?
Danſ. Good. Theſe letters from my wife bring certainty
Of our obtained pardons, on condition
We henceforth for the ſtate of France imploy
Our liues and ſeruice.
Omn. Long liue King *Henry* of France. *Shout*
Danſ. My valiant friends this 4 years *Danſiker*
Hath led you proudly through a ſea of terrour,
Through deeds ſo full of proweſſe they might haue grac'd
The brow of worthineſſe, had iuſtice to our cauſe
Giuen life and action. But ſince the breach of lawes
Of Nations, ciuill ſociety, iuſtly intitles vs
With the hatefull ſtile of robbers, let's redeeme our honour
And not returne into our country, with the names
Of pardoned theeues, but by ſome worthy deed,
Daring attempt, make good vnto the world
Want of imployment, not of vertue forct
Our former act of ſpoyle and rapine.
Leif. Set the deſigne downe may regaine vs credit.
Deſerue this grace ſo freely offer'd vs
Weel or accompliſh it, or with our liues
Seale the attempt.
Omn. Braue Captaine, through death wee'le follow thee,
Danſ. Then thus, that with the ſame weapon, we may
Our country cure, with which we wounded her,
My purpoſe is to ruine all the Pyrats
Lie in the harbour here.
Leif. Rare! it may be eaſy done, obſerue the wind
And firing but of one conſume the reſt.

Dans. We must not trust to such incertainties.
Thus I haue plotted it: we first will set a fire
Some house ith' towne, to which when each man makes,
As they will be inforced from the hauen
To yeeld their helps, with much facility
We may performe our purpose.
Lis. How? vndiscri'd, shall we attempt the towne?
Dans. That charge be mine, the Renegado Iew,
You know giues free and open entertaine
To all of our profession. In some out-house of his
I will conuey a pot of wild-fire to it,
I'le make a traine of match, that at three howres
Shall giue it fire.
Sailers. Excellent! The time sir.
Dans. To morrow night: meane time make ready
For our departure, but with such secresie
Suspitions selfe may not discry it: provide the balles
We must bestow vpon the ships.
Lis. That care be ours.
Dans. The rest leaue vnto me,
Wee'l returne nobly, or else nobly dye. *Exeunt.*

Enter Ruben.

Ruben, what newes?
Rub. My maister sir, desires your company,
Ther's a new Pyrat landed, his name is *Gallop*.
Dans. More yet? do they come on so fast?
Your maister would ingrosse his prize.
Rub. He would: and for your curtesie herein,
He will forbeare three months the crownes you owe him;
Dans. Il'e vse my Art sir to his benefit,
And for the Crownes, no longer Ile delay him,
Heere is my hand to morrow night Ile pay him. *Exeunt.*

Scœne. 4.

Enter Rabshake, Agar, Voada.

Ag. Speake freely, what think you of the new-come Captaine

taine, *Voada?*

Vo. Hee lookes as if his father and mother had got him in feare: his eyes go like a Citie Catch-poles, severall wayes at once, ther's no stuffe in him. Giue me the Dutch Cavaliere *Dansiker.*

Ag. Out vpon him puffe-paste, he was spoild in his infancy, ill-bred.

Rab. How? spoil'd with ill bread? it was ill drinke spoyl'd him. I am of my maisters mind, the new-come Pyrate is a reasonable handsome man of a Christian.

Ag. Why? doth Religion moue any thing in the shapes of men?

Rab. Altogether. What's the reason else that the Turke & Iew is troubled (for the most part) with gowty legges, and fiery nose, to expresse their heart-burning: whereas the Puritan is a man of vpright calfe, and cleane nosthrill.

Vo. Setting aside your nose, you should turne Christian, then your calfe swels vpward mightily.

Rab. How? I turne Christian? they haue Iew enough already amongst 'em: were it but three qualities they haue, Il'e be none of their society.

Ag. Three qualities? I pri'the tell 'em vs *Rabshake.*

Rab. First, they suffer their wiues to be their maisters. Secondly, they make men theeues for want of maintenance, and then hang them vp for stealing. Lastly, they are madde foure times a yeare, and those they call Tearm-times, and then they are so purg'd by their Physitians, which they name Lawyers, some of 'em are never their owne men after it. I turne Christian? they shall haue more charity amongst 'em first. They will devoure one-another as familiarly as Pikes doe Gudgeons, and with as much facility as Dutchmen doe Flapdragons.

Ag. How? eate vp one-another?

Rab. I, eate vp one-another: you haue an innocent Christian cal'd a Gallant, your Citie Christian will feed vpon no other meate by his good will.

Vo. But their wiues will not feed on 'em too.

Rab.

Rab. The truth is, they are not altogether so great devourers; mary they will be sucking at the bones. But see my maister, the great theefe and the little theeues, the robbers and the receiuer.

Enter Iew, Gallop, Das. Sar. Sis.

Ag. He's come. Thou powerfull God of loue, strike through
Those awfull darts of thine, whose burning heads (mine eies
Pierce thorough hearts of yce, melt frostiest breasts,
Make all stoope to thy Deity. Now giue thy art,
No God but *Cupid* pitties mortal's smart.

Enter Dansiker, Benwash, Iew, Gismund, Fredericke, Carolo, Alizia.

Gis. Fiue duckets a Tun, 'shart the Caske is worth more,
Iew. You must remember at what rate you bought 'em.
Das. And at what price you may haue more.
Gis. You speake like men that know how the market goes:
Your eare *Iew.*
Aliz. What misery remaines to adde to mine,
My brother lost his life in my defence;
And with his life, my sexe and libertie,
I stand depriu'd of. Are not these wounds sufficient
To let out my weake breath? Thou flinty breast,
Art thou impenetrable? or is that thing cal,d death
Too great a good for such a wretch as I am? It is, it is,
And that's the cause so many miseries
Do stop the way too't.
Iew. I am your Merchant *Ruben Rabshake*, my wife, her sister
Fetch me three hundred Dukets for this Gentleman.
Rab. This new-come theefe sir?
Iew. Gentleman, slaue.
Rab. Why your theefe is a Gentleman, he scornes to do any thing, and he liues vpon his commings in.
Iew. Peace dogge, you see gallants, we are not Italionat to locke our women vp, wee set 'em free, giue open entertainment.
Gal. It seemes this Iew keeps a Bawdy-house, I like his wife

well

well, I could finde in my heart to cast away halfe a Ducket on her.

Sar. You are of a noble minde sir, courtly and high,
It's want of merit that breeds ielousie,
From which I know you cleare.

Iew. As I am from couetousnesse: how their eyes strike each other? *Rabshake*---

Rab. Here sir.

Iew. Captaine, your gold.

Ag. He saw our eyes meet, no matter, may I coole my heate
Let the world burne. Thy counsell *Voada.*

Iew. I do not like this fellowes lookes, *Rabshake.*

Rab. He hath a hanging countenance indeed sir,

Iew. Tush, my wife man, thou hast forgot how deere
I bought my liberty, renounc'd my law,
The Law of *Moses*, turn'd Turke, all to keepe
My bed free from these Mahometan Dogges.
I would not be a monster *Rabshake*, a man-beast,
A Cuckold.

Rab. I haue not fogotten sir that you damned your selfe because you would not be a Cornuto: If euery man should fine so deere for his hornes, we should haue but a few Christians left: but seeing you feare your vessell hath a leake, wherefore do you put her to sea, man her thus?

Iew. For commodity: thou seest rich shop-keepers set their wiues at sale to draw in custome, vtter their wares, yet keepe that Iem vntouch't: all for profite man.

Rab. I am not of your minde sir, there is no profite without some paine.

Iew. No more villaine: should I suspect my selfe to haue that disease, I would run mad, first fury of my hornes should light on thee: looke too't, thou art no longer living then my wife is honest.

Rab. I feare my dayes are but short then, if my life lasts no longer then I can keepe a Woman honest against her will.

Voad. It is a louely boy, rare featur'd, would he were mine.

Ag. It is so *Voada*, he hath made the slaue my Iaylor.

Voad. I haue not seene so much of beauty in a man.

Ag. You loose your selfe. What man? what beauty? I tell thee I am vndone, *Rabshake* is made my ouer-seer.

Vo. I would vse him like an ouer-seer then, he should stand by whil'st the Executioner opened the bagges: I must enioy his loue, though quēching of my lust did burn the world besides.

Iew. It's right Captaine.

Gis. Yes, 'tis right.

Gal. But that's the wrong way sir, your followers expect their equall shares.

Iew. The fellow raues: talke to a Captaine of equall sharing, I'le take order for landing the goods, & bee with you presently. *Rabshake*, thou knowest thy doome slaue, looke too't, thine eyes, villaine thine eyes. *Exit.*

Rab. I'le warrant you sir, I'le looke toot.

Gal. Here, carry 'em these two duckets to drinke vpon receit of the whole, Il'e deale like a commander with 'em, as men doe with their followers: that is, as you haue followed me to earne meanes, so now you shall follow mee as long to get your earnings, you shall be followers still, I will discharge none of you.

Sares. We tooke him for a gull, but now I see hee hath had command, he can cheat his Souldiers.

Sis. I hope sir you will make better respect of your credit, you know your oathes and promise.

Gal. My promise, if a Citizen had bought a company, hee could but keepe day with 'em: you must pardon him gentlemen, a fresh Souldier wants seasoning.

Sis. Salt vs, looke too't, we shall hardly relish you sir.

Gall. How? threatens and braues?

Dans. Forbeare, giue the poore fellow leaue to prate, he payes for't.

Sis. Good: you are now vpon your guard, we shall meet you vpon discharge of the watch, and knock you downe with a bill of accounts, we shall skeld. *Exit.*

Gal. Out gull, talke to a commander, a man of warre of e-

quall

quall sharing, we haue other vse for our mony then to pay followers. Shall we acost these Ladyes, gallants?

Rab. Tis the custome of the whole world, the greater theefe preyes vpon the lesse still: how's this?

Dans. The happinesse of the day befall you Ladyes.

Sar. The night equall the dayes-happinesse, say I.

Gall. All content both night and day stand to your desires.

Agar. Our desires equall your wishes sir.

Gal. Your desires are aboue my performance then.

Rab. I am drawing on, if my life lye vpon her honesty, I am vpon the poynt of giving vp already.

Agar. That Gentleman is very moving.

Ag. Could you not intreate him stay his pace.

Sar. And trot in your ring, Lady, if you please.

Ag. I purpose not to take a courser of your choosing, lest I be iaded sir.

Sar. You presume the more of your owne horsemanship.

Rab. Hoy-day, they are riding already, 'sfoot I am like to go post to the Divell for this.

Dans. Next night, time of my proiect, if I proue not as hot a shot as came in your quarters since the losse of your virginity, let me suffer the paines of S. *Anthonies* purgatory.

Ag. He must necessarily be a man of deeds, he is of so few words.

Sar. You shall do well to put him to the tryall.

Ag. Without immodesty, may I question the reason you'r so heavy sir?

Rab. Nay then it rings out for me, should the Iew see this, I were as good as speechlesse: there were but a little gasping betweene me and the graue.

Gal. The reason of my heauinesse is, that you and I might agree the better: for women loue contraries, and you are light I see.

Ag. How's this? you see me light, true, to be in loue With one so farre disdainfull. (wares

Yo. What successe woman? the *Dutchman* & I haue bartered

Ag. I haue made exchange too, sold my liberty,

To purchase base ingratitude, I am reiected *Voada.*

Enter Rabshake.

Rab. My Mistresse, Gentlemen, did you see my Mistresse?

Ag. Your businesse sirrah?

Rab. You must make prouision to entertaine two of the richest Pyrates ever landed here, one Captaine *Ward* and *Franciscus*, they haue brought a prize in worth three thousand duckets: besides, they sell their prisoners slaues, my maister hath ingrost them all.

Ag. Vengeance seize him and them. Backe sirrah, say wee will expect them: you sir, attend your maister his comming, see you giue vs notice on't.

Rab. Nay, I hold it the best course too, for mine own safety. My charge is charg'd my watch must be now, lest my Maister know it. If al the world were eies, women I see would to it. *Ex.*

Gal. I do but dreame sure, *Ward* and *Franciscus*?

Dans. What moues this passion?

Sar. Why looke you pale?

Gal. Pale? I haue a cause, I haue lesse colour by 600 Duckets then I had. *Sar.* As how sir?

Gal. I'le tell you: I tooke an adventure to pay this *Ward*, 600 Duckets at our two meetings at *Tunis*, and see how the Diuell hath brought it about: I must leaue you gallants.

Dans. By no meanes: we will compound the businesse.

Agar. I can conceale it no longer.

Voad. You will betray your selfe to their contempt, by your owne forwardnesse.

Agar. I nea'r shall haue so faire occasion to speake my loue againe, you know my husbands watchfull iealousie.

Vo. Now by my sex I am ashamed of you, were the *Ieu* mine, I would haue no other Pander: be rul'd by me
It's he shall hire the Captaine to thy loue,
And his owne horning. What cannot we perswade?
„ Man was asleepe when womans braine was made.

Agar. Thou giu'st me a new life, I am thy Scholler.

Voad. Il'e pricke thee forth a lesson, whose choyser straine,
Shall tell men that all Art 'gainst lust & women's vaine. *Exeũt.*

Rab.

Rab. As you are men conceale your weapons, here are women in the roome.

Gal. Sismund. *Enter three Sailers with Sismund.*

Sis. We are come to giue you thanks for the 2. duckets sir.

Gal. As you are of the sword, draw. *Fight.*

Sis. We are fresh-men, wee'l powder you.

Gal. Murder, murder, I shal be torn in peeces, by my hands.

Enter Ward, Franciscus, Ferd. Al. Page.

Sis. Ward, Franciscus, we are betraid, away. *Exeunt.*

Ward. *Gallop.*

Gall. My noble generall aliue, come to my rescue, my loyaltie to the braue knight did thus ingage me: the slaues could not be content to stow me vnder-boord, and force mee from thee, but would haue shared the prize too: but I haue shar'd with 'em, see heer's three hundred duckets, thou shalt haue them all braue sparke, the Divell to boot with 'em.

VVard. Then you think this gold shal purchase your pardon.

Gal. 'Sfoot I am over-ioy'd with the sight of thee; see the heroicke *Dansiker*, his Captaine *Sara.*

VVard. Your loues, gentlemen.

Dans. This is no slaue, he payes 600. duckets at their meeting, true, we are witnesse on't.

VVard. I will be gul'd for once thus, I will, these duckets shall stop my mouth.

Gal. 'Sheart there are as many more in Banke, you shal haue 'em all, I prize thy countenance aboue a second Indies, were they molten in your garbage. The world runnes round with me, *Sic ut erat in principio*, naked I came in, and penilesse I shall go out.

What staies the Iew so long.

VVard. See he is come.

Enter Iew, Raymond, his two sonnes bound. Ruben.

You'l giue my price sir.

Iew. yes, for these slaues, I will.

Ray. For ever be he seruile that so makes 'em.

Hard-hearted;man, I cannot terme thee,its
A name that beares too much of pitty int,
Compared with so inhumane; creature wert thou a father,
These teares would moue thee, that bemoane a sons,
Nay all my childrens, worse then funerall,
Their euer thraldome, but nature well deni'd
Issue to thee, least in thy barbarous guilt
Shee had bene a party. When thy affection'd soule
Had felt how much the name of child moues, with what care,
How many iealous feares we view there infancy,
Least hauing felt all this, thy accursed hand
Should yet haue dar'd to make men childlesse.

1. *Son.* Can then your marble heart indure these droppes?

2. *Son.* The soyle that bred you sir doth not bring forth
Such hydeous monsters, that we should imagine
You can be so far cruell to betray
So many innocent liues, for in vs bleed
An aged father, a mother, to whose griefe
No other misery can be added.
My selfe contracted to a vertuous maid,
Who ere this hath left *Marcel*,
And in *Normandy* expects the consumation of our happinesse,
You haue our goods, our ship, all the substance
Should succour our old parents, you haue onely left
These armes to erne them bread, and can your eyes
Relentlesse see these chain'd?

Ferd. Do not they moue you sir?

Ward. Yes, as the Iew, art not thou moued *Benwash*?

Iew. As a hangman at an execution makes no other holliday in the yeare.

Ray. Inhumaine dog! oh I could teare thee villane,

Iew. I'le giue thirty crownes for this old beast to bee reuenged on him.

Ray. Be gentle, take his mony, forgiue me sir,
I see you are kind, would not now part vs
That twenty and odde yeares haue growne together,
Will you not take it? giue him so Iew,

I will deserue 'em, see I am not old,
No wrinkle is on my brow, these are but frowns,
Rays'd by his vnkind refusall of my offer.
See what plump veines I haue, no sinews shrunke,
These are not gray-haires, they are onely white
To shew the lightnesse of my spirit: come
Manacle these armes, you shall see vs three
Tug the daies eye out, there's not a father
And his two boies shall dare to vndertake vs,
The sunne outvied wee'le set vs downe together
And with our sadder cheere out-mourne the night,
And speake the happinesse we might haue liu'd too:
How by mine owne harth in cold wintereues
I might haue told my sonnes some ancient tales,
Which they might one day from their grandsire speak.
Wee'le adde vnto our woes thus by compare
Of what our ioyes might haue been, then we'le curse,
And when we want a plague, wee'le thinke vpon
This bloudy murtherer, we shall haue store then:
Be eloquent in bitter execrations,
Our choler vented, then againe wee'le weepe,
Till teares glew vp our eyes to mocke sad sleepe.

Ward. Ha, ha, ha.

1. *Son.* Dost laugh at aged sorrow? be iust ye powers,
As ye iudge innocents causes, reuenge ours.

Ward. My mony for 'em Iew, so, away with 'em.

Alb. Ferd. We will redeeme them, pay their ransome,

Ward. You redeeme them? your meanes?

Ferd. All that we haue a board,

Ward. Such another syllable, I'le make a sale of you to.

Iew. I am your first man, I'le giue you 400 crownes for 'em

Alb. A sale of vs?

Ferd. Know that if all our fortunes will set them free, 'tis theres.

Ward. I'le try that, giue me 400 crownes.

Iew. Heare.

Ward. They are yours, I'le iustifie the sale,

Sar.

Sar. Of your owne fellowes, countrymen do they not ſtand
Condition'd as your ſelfe.

Gal. Who gaue you pattent to examine him.

Ward. Forbeare, becauſe you're men of action Ile deſcend
To giue you notice they are my lawfull prize,
Such as deni'd my party, would willingly
Betray me, yea all of vs, into the hands
Of our vow'd enimies.

Sar. Are you not men of war then?

Ferd. We are no Pyrats ſir, our country yeelds vs
More honeſt meanes of liuing.

Sar.Om. Away with; 'em more honeſt meanes of ſtuing: make 'em ſure,

Alb. Giue vs the hearing.

Ward. Away with 'em. Zounds I'le ſet them free elſe.

2.*Son.* Let's take our fathers bleſſing with vs yet.

Ward. All curſes vnder heauen go with you.

Ray. Is there no care for miſery to beate at?
My ſonnes, *Fredericke*, *Albert*, they are gone, ſent
To perpetuall vaſſelladge, I lou'd you boys
A little better then to out-liue your ſlaueries.
I wil not curſe thee monſter, I know my thoughts
Cannot arriue vnto ſo blacke reuenge,
As ſhall attend thee: crack, crack, you ore-loaden ſtrings,
And ſet a miſerable old man free,
So, ſo, I will appeale for you my ſonnes to yon high Court
Here none but beaſts of prey Tigers reſort. *moritur*

Danſ. I hate this villaine, hee's all bloud.

Page. My heart I thinke would breake
But that in ſteed of wordes, myne eyes thus ſpeak.

Ward. How iſt my noble ſpirits dull'd with one Tragedy,
Let vs digeſt it with a gig, a catch.
Some wine there, ſhall we to hazard?

Danſ. I willingly would ſtake my life to thine at that iuſt game, there wants but an occaſion.

Sar. What's your ſport?

Gal. *Adams* game at one whole, euery male to his female

Ward.

Ward. How should wee be furnisht?

Gall. I'le fit you with an *Eue* sir, a temptresse,

Ward. What is she?

Gall. Your peere, a beauty that would take you
From out your selfe to gaze at her,
The Iewes wiues sister.

Enter Iew, Cros. Agar, Voad.

Ward. First sight of her yeelds thee a 100 Duckets.

Gal. I'le be a coniunction copulatiue to ioyne you together for the mony, it is a fate follow's vs souldiers when wee are downe: the reason is, wee hold it no shame to liue vpon spoile of the enemie, and a greater foe to man then a whore is impossible, S'hart I am preuented, the Iew panders them himselfe, that's she sir, that Turkes her brother, his name is *Crosman.*

Iew. Is it possible?

Gall. The slaue hath a goat in his lookes.

Cros. That's he in the *Indus* beard, vse but thy art he's thine.

Ag. If I lik't not his 30 thousand Duckets, better then's person, I would neuer streine my complexion for him.

Ward. Shee equals thy commends inded, so true a faire
I nere beheld till now.

Ag. Nay more to intice me, this well stuft purse
He did inforce vpon me, but 'tis your sinne,
So you haue profit, all religious lawes
Must suffer violence, your wife be exposed
Vnto all vndergoers.

Iew. Forgiuenesse honest wife, my chast, chast, wife.

Ag. Nay, vse your pleasure, you had best keepe the gold
To guild your shame with, I troe I would giue it him,
Tell him he must not thinke I am the woman
He takes me for, if he will not beleeue you,
Let him make triall with the ladder of ropes
He vow'd to clime my chamber with, this night,
When, as it seemes, he learnt you were inforst
To be in the Synagogue.

Iew. Better and better, I cannot but admire thy chastity
A ladder of ropes, would he make that the beginning

Letchery should be the end of, I'le hamper him,
If he haue any grace thy honesty ouerthrowes him,

Ag. If he haue any wit it will I hope.

Iew. My dull ey'd villaine *Rabshake* saw none of this, Hee's all for *rem in re*, he would haue me a cuckold by law forsooth, by statute law, I shal put you a book case, for he shal moote I'le prize him but to the present businesse. Noble Captaine to expresse how much you are welcome, my wife and sister, laying all rites aside, and customary obserues, come to inuite you to a meane banquet sir.

Ward, Best thankes sir, your welcomes prodigall,
I am already feasted in this bounteous dish sir.

Dans. But you are not likely to surfet on it, I'le haue a finger in the platter with you, were you the great Turks selfe.

Ward. With me, I tell thee *Dansiker*
Thou dost not merit with thy lips to touch
So choyce a rarity, what darest thou for her?

Dans. What thou dar'st not.

Ward. I'le put that to the tryall, *Draw.*

Voad. As you come of woemen.

Ag. By, all the rites you owe our sexe, as you are men inforce them part.

Cros. Respect the place, you are in danger of law.

Ward. You shall oresway me Lady, we shall meet againe sir.

Cros. So you are men *Exit.*

Iew. Are they gone?
What hard fortune attends me? that none of their throats were cut, I might haue seaz'd their goods, not so much as the flesh biter, but is come of.

Gall. S'hart, this pouerty makes a man valiant, when I had my duckets I had no more heart then a Iew.

Iew. And that was the reason you so willingly parted with 'em sir

Gall. Old, *Benwash*, where hidst thou thy head in this day of battell man?

Iew. Heere vnder this table, did you thinke I am so branch?
No roofe would giue me couering, I am but a pricket,
A meere sorrell, my head's not hardened yet

Though

Sar. Dans. against Francisco, Gal. & Cros. part: thē, Iew hides himselfe.

Though thanks vnto your maisterſhip your fire was not wan-
ting
Gal. You ſpeake in Hebrew I vnderſtand you not.
Iew. Yet you can ſpeak the whoore-maiſters language paſſing wel; what made you ſir take my wife for a fleſh-ſeller, a whore?
Gall. You are abuſed ſir.
Iew. By thee letcher, you know not this purſe, this gold?
You haue your tricks to climbe vp cuckolds hauen,
Your ladder of ropes, you had beſt keepe that houre,
My wife this night expects you: my abſence
Will be inforſt, ſhe bid me tell you ſo,
Inſatiat goat thou thinkſt our wiues are ſuch,
As are your holy ſiſters, religious Votaries,
Your ſpittle nuns, heere take your ill got traſh,
May I but know thou once more tempſt my wife,
You ſhall not need a ladder, I'le mount you ſir
I will, you oxgall, I will.
Gall. Ha, this is gold.
Iew. Do you heare ſir, hereafter know a Turks wife from a Chriſtians
You are one of thoſe hold all women bound
Vnder the domination of the Moone;
All wauering, now you haue ſeene one of the Sunne ſir,
Conſtant you ſlaue, and as ſhe is, with vs are millions more.
Croſ. Benwaſh, brother, S'foote I haue ſought each nooke of the houſe for you.
Gal. It is beyond my thoughts, imaginations drown'd int.
Iew. Rare, doth ſhe plead chaſtity?
Croſ. Like a baud that would put off a virginity, the knight is as good as ours already, beſides I haue procured the Gouernor in perſon to regreet him
All that art can by ambition, luſt, or flattery do,
Aſſure your ſelfe this braine ſhall worke him to.
Iew. Nay if the fleſh take hold of him, hee's paſt redemption
Hee's halfe a Turke already, it's as good as done
Woman is hell out, in we nere returne. *Exeunt*
Gal. Were not I confident of my good parts, this gold would buy me out of my fiue ſences, a full purſe, a ladder of ropes, and his wife in the taile on't able to ouercome any man

breathing, yet what should I feare that haue so many good Angels about me? sure shee's in loue with mee, it is no other, and out of her honesty it seemes shee hath vow'd to doe nothing, but what she dares acquaint her husband with, if she haue made him vsher his owne crest I'le sweare she is a woman of the Sunne, she hath dazeld his eyes well, this night makes the tryall, I'le take your instructions Iew, climbe the matter of preferment.

It may be 'twas my destiny gaue me this crowne,
Woemen and ropes should raise me, that put others downe.

Exeunt.

Enter Gouernour Ward. Crosman, Iew.

Ward. I am orecharg'd sir with so high a fauor
As your descending thus to visite mee.

Gou. You are the man we couet, whose valor
Hath spake you, so impartiall worthy,
We should do wrong to merit, not gracing you.
Beleeue me sir, you haue iniur'd much your selfe,
Vouchsafing familiarity with those
Men of so common ranke as *Dansiker*,
Your hopes should flye a pitch aboue them,

Cros. It may be that our clime stands not to giue
That full content, the aire you drew at home,
And therefore purpose shortly a returne.

Ward. I know no country I can call home
What by your curtesie I might, my desert stands
Not to make promise of.

Gou. Detract not from your selfe, call this your owne
I see there speakes a fortune in your brow
Will make vs proud to haue acknowledg'd you.

Iew. I'le gage a thousand Duckets on equall termes,
I liue to see him the *Sultans* Admirall.

Cros. Why not as well as the great Customer,
My allied kinsman Gouernor, neither borne Turkes,

Ward. I dare not looke so high, yet were I imployed,
What a poore Christian could, I durst make promise of.

Iew. Christian or Turke you are more wise I know

Then

Then with religion to confine your hopes.
Gou. Hee's too well read in Poesie to be tied
In the slaues fetters of religion.
What difference in me as I am a Turke,
And was a Christian? life, liberty,
Wealth, honour, they are common vnto all?
If any ods be, 'tis on *Mahomets* side,
His seruitors thriue best I am sure.
Ward. Is this the hooke your golden baite doth couer?
Iew. I haue oft with laughter thought how innocent
My thoughts when first I turn'd were, how scrupulous
I was, when with one argument I was confirm'd; as thus,
If this religion were so damnable
As others make it, that God which ows the right
Prophan'd by this would soone destroy it quite.
War. That's easily answered, heauen is merciful,
By their destruction it should take all meanes
From giuing possibility to their change,
And so vniustly damne 'em, but for my part,
It is not Diuinity but nature moues me,
Which doth in beasts force them to keepe their kind.
Crof. But men that haue two ends, safety and profit,
Where beasts no farther are transported
Then with the present obiect, must make their actions
Turne to those points.
Gou. Both which are in some sort proposed to you.
Ward. As how?
Gou. As thus, for profit, you cannot with your selfe
Imagine, that your vertue can be smothered,
Might there but be assurance of your trust.
War. How should I giue you that? *Gou.* As we did; turne Turke.
Ward. That were the way to more vncertainty,
Men sooner open foes then fained friends try
And where mens acts from their owne ends proceed,
More looke vnto those ends then like the deed,
Iew. This gudgion will not bite.
Gou. But when there are examples plentifull,

To instance gainst your words, you need not feare,
Men what they see oppose gainst what they heare.
VVar. The cunning fowler to beguile the birds
Brings vp some tame, and lets them flye abroad
To draw in others, that their liberty
May be the bait to others misery.
Such is state-policies, somtimes to aduance an ill,
When others for lesse crimes it oft doth kill.
But to cut off your further argument
What's mine of prowesse, or art, shall rest by you
To be dispos'd of: but to abiure
My name, and the beliefe my ancestors
Left to my being. I do not loue so well
The earth that bore me, to lessen my contempt
And hatred to her, by so much advantage,
So oblique act as this should giue to her.
Crof. Worke in my sister presently.
Gov. You are your selfe free, nor will I further
Diswade your resolution, nor lesse esteeme
Your merit, and faire worth.
VVard. You ingage me to you sir.
Crof. He enioyes too much by promise to be won,
T'must be a womans act, to whom ther's nought
That is impossible: What Divels dare not moue,
Men to accomplish, women worke them to.
And see, in happy time she's come, wee'l single them.
Ward. Here comes an argumẽt that would perswade
A God turne mortall, vntill I saw her face,
I never knew what men terme beauty was:
Besides whose faire, she hath a minde so chaste,
A man may sooner melt the Alpes then her.
Gov. We wil along with you, when makes she hence?
Iew. The wind sits faire, the slaues are sending downe
Whom the next morne beares hence.
Gov. We will aboard with you faire sir, wee'l leaue
Our loue exchang'd with you, some happier time
May perfect that good work I wish were mine. *Exeunt.*

VVard.

Ward. My trueſt ſeruices; nay Lady ſtay
Though hitherto I haue beene a hapleſſe Orator,
Your milder meaſure, or my loue-taught tongue,
May finde more fortunate houres: for by that guide,
Which rules and knowes our thoughts----
Voad. Reſerue your oathes ſir to more eaſie eares,
I vnderſtand my ſelfe too well to credit 'em.
VVard. Vn-gentle maid to triumph in my torment,
If euer breaſt did feele the power of loue,
Or beauty made a conqueſt of poore man
I am thy captiue, by heauen, by my religion.
Vo. As my beleefe's in that, my faith giues truſt
To your proteſts.
VVar. Then by thy God, by the great Mahomet.
Vo. To weake a bond to tye a Chriſtian in.
VVard. What ſhal I ſweare by? propoſe an oath to me
The breach whereof would at once ſinke me lower
Then hell knowes being, Il'e take it willingly.
Vo. Il'e be conceal'd no longer, know then I loue,
But not the man whoſe daily Oriſons
Invoke confuſion on me, whoſe religion
Speakes me an Infidell.
VVard. 'Sheart I am of none, onely to feed diſcourſe,
And fill vp argument.
Vo. But you muſt be of one if you'l enioy me,
If then your thoughts anſwere to what you ſpeake
Turne Turke I am yours.
Ward. Turne Turke?
Vo. Do you demur already? how prodigal your words
Spoke your affection, and with one ſimple triall
Are you ſtrooke mute.
Ward. With patience heare me Lady.
Vo. Falſe knight, I haue giuen too calm an eare already.
To thy inchanted notes.
VVard. Should I for euer ſell my liberty?
Vo. You need not, it is ſufficient glory
You haue betraid a maidens liberty.

But Il'e do penance for my ſo blacke a ſin,
Doting on thee, I'le henceforth hate thy whole ſex;
The name of man to me, ſhall as the rocke
From which the ſhip-wrackt wretch hath lately ſcap't
Bring feare in the name of't: keepe off falſe Syren.
Heauen well ordain'd man ſhould the woman woe,
Should we their hard-hearts proue, we all ill ſhould know.
VVard. Stay, I will inforce thee elſe.
Voad. Do theſe my teares delight thee then? cruell
Hard-hearted man, glut thy relentleſſe ſight
With full-ey'd ſorrow.
VVard. Shee is all amorous, all faire, that ſhe doth loue,
Behold thoſe teares whoſe droppes would pierce the hearts
Of Tygers, make them pittifull,
They are witneſſes ſhe faines not: leaue, leaue to weepe,
Leaſt pusting out thoſe lights the world ſhould mourne.
Put on a vaile of blacke, I am thine owne.
If there be any Divinity, it hath
His ſeate in beauty: th'art a God to me
My Country, friends, nay being, what wouldſt thou haue?
Voad. To be no other then my ſelfe I craue.
Ward. I am no more mine owne, rather then looſe
So true a happineſſe, as thy conſtant loue,
There is no way ſo blacke I would not proue,
That lyes from heauen to hell. *Croſman* in vaine
Thy arguments were ſpent wouldſt thou prevaile?
Heere is an Orator can turne me eaſily,
Where beauty pleades, there needs no ſophiſtry.
Thou haſt orc-come me *Voada.*
Voad. And I will raiſe thee, but thou doeſt name a good,
I cannot call mine till I am poſſeſt of't.
Ward. Call in thy friends, make preparation,
Il'e take the orders inſtantly,
My ſpeed ſhall giue prevention to the prate
Of th'idle multitude: away, the flame doth burne
Which ſets the world on fire, and makes me turne.
Voad. Thou art all harmony, beſt loue I flye,

I haue my ends,
How er'e thou sinke, thy wealth shall beare me high. *Exit.*
Ward. So, the day leaues the world, chaste *Voada*
Nothing can make him miserable enioyes thee:
What is't I loose by this my change? my Country,
Already 'tis to me impossible,
My name is scandal'd? what is one Island
Compared to the Easterne Monarchy? this large
Vnbounded station shall speake my future fame;
Besides, they are slaues stand subiect vnto shame.
One good I enioy, out-weighes all ils what ever
Can be obiected; to summe my happinesse:
That God on earth, to whom all men stand bare,
(*Gold*) that doth vsher greatnesse, lackies me,
I haue more then I can spend, what wants
Is in command, and that my valour makes
Due purchase of, Il'e rather lead on slaues
Then be commanded by the power of Kings.
Beauty, *Command*, and *Riches*, they are these three
The world pursues, and these do follow me.

Enter Francisco.

Speake, what newes *Francisco*?
Fran. The tõgues of rauens are too mild to speake it,
The very thought whereof methinkes should turne
Your haire to quils of Porcupines, it's the denyall
Of your Redeemer, Religion, Country,
Of him that gaue you being.
Ward. The slauery of man, how this religion rides vs!
Depriues vs of our freedome from our Cradles,
Ties vs in superstitious bondage.
Fra. Heaven stop mine eares from hearing thy dishonour.
Vpon my knees I do coniure you sir,
Sell not your soule for such a vanity,
As that which you tearme Beauty, eye-pleasing Idol,
Should you with the renouncing of your God
Taking the abhorred name of Turke vpon you,
Purchase a little shamefull being heere, your case

Might be compar'd to his, who adiudg'd to death
By his heads losse, should craue (stead of one stroke)
To dye a lingring torment on the racke.
Euen such would be your life, whose guilt each houre
Would strike your conscious soule with terrors.
Ward. No more, this boyes words trouble me.
Fran. If none of these moue, let the example
Of that contempt is throwne on runnagates
Euen by these Turkes themselues, at least moue you
To flye this slavery. *Enter Crosman.*
Cros. Most worthy sir, now I dare call you brother,
Fran. Too faire a name to cloake so great a foe,
This instant makes a tryall of your vertue,
Thinke on *Ulysses* constancy.
Cros. Why are you mute sir?
Ward. I am not well.
Fran. Alas! how can he, being so neere to hell?
Cros. Are you so weake to haue a boyes words sway you?
Fran. You haue not mine, thinke 'tis heavens hand doth stay you
Cros. Haue you no other but my sister sir,
To make a stale off, did you not vow?
VVard. What er'e, I do recant it, I am now
My selfe, her lookes inchanted me.
Fran. Against a mans owne soule, no oath can tye.
Cros. This thy disgrace reveng'd shall speake in bloud.
Enter Voada.
Voad. Where is my betrothed husband? Al's ready.
Cros. To publish infamy to thee and vs?
The wether-cocke is turn'd, this boyes breath did it.
Voad. Againe turn'd?
Fran. You cast your eyes too much vpon the flame
Proues your destruction.
Voad. Vn-gentle boy, doest thou requite me thus?
How canst thou blushlesse view me, haue my teares
Procur'd me nought but scorne?
VVard. Forgiuenesse *Voada*: turne backe thy comet-eyes,
Plagues, Divels, poverty, may all ills fall

Man

Man ea'r was subiect to, I will enioy thee.
Force hence, I say, this boy.

Fran. As I from hence, so thou art thrust from ioy, eternall ioyes. *Exit.*

Crof. The Mufties heere: you know the custome sir,
Some triviall ceremonies, they'l be soone ore,
They once perform'd you'r ner'e vnhappy more.
Besides, the Captaine-ship of our strong Castle
Shall be my sisters portion, heer's the key.

War. Do not delay them then. *Enter the Slaues bound,*

Crof. They are come sir. *going to the Port.*

Ward. What meane these slaues, their sights like Basiliskes
Foretels my ruine: 'sheart make this way.

Fer. Nay, do not shun our sight, heare vs but now,
Wee'l forgiue all our wrongs, with patience row
At the vnweldy oare: we will forget
That we were sold by you, and thinke we set
Our bodies gainst your soule, the deerest purchase
Of your Redeemer, that we regain'd you so,
Leaue but this path damnation guides you to.

2. *Son.* Our bloud, our Fathers bloud, all is forgiuen,
The bond of all thy sinnes is cancelled,
Keep but thy sealse from this.

Alb. Let vs redeeme our countries shame by thee,
We willing will endure our slavery.

Ward. The words do rip my heart vp: ha?

Vo. Why stand you in this dilemma: are you depriu'd
Of sence and being?

War. Thou telst me true: with what brain can I think
Heauen would be glad of such a friend as I am.
A Pirate, murderer? let those can hope a pardon care
To atone with heaven, I cannot, I dispaire.

Fran. Will you yet heare me? yet heauen hath mercy.

Ward And hell damnation: on, zounds on I say,
The way that leads to loue is no blacke way. *Exe. Shout.*

Fer. But thou wilt find it black: no hell I see's so low
Which lust and woman cannot lead vs to. *Exeunt.*

The dumbe shew, with Chorus of Ward *turning Turke.*

Chorus. *Here could I wish our period, or that our Pen*
Might speake the fictions, not the acts of Men.
The deeds we haue presented hitherto, are white
Compar'd vnto those blacke ones we must write:
For now no more at men, but Gyant-like
The face of heauen it selfe, he dares to strike:
And with a blushlesse front he dares to doe,
What we are dumbe to thinke, much more to shew.
Yet what may fall beyond vncertaine guesse
Your better fauours binde vs to expresse.

Enter two bearing halfe-moones, one with a Mahomets *head following. After them the Muffty, or chiefe Priest: two meaner Priests bearing his traine. The Muffty seated, a confused noyse of musicke, with a showt. Enter two Turkes, one bearing a Turban with a halfe-moone in it, the other a robe, a sword: a third with a Globe in one hand, an Arrow in the other: two Knights follow. After them* Ward *on an Asse, in his Christian habite, bare-headed. The two Knights, with low reuerence, ascend, whisper the Muffty in the eare, draw their swords, and pull him off the Asse. He layd on his belly, the Tables (by two inferiour Priests) offered him, he lifts his hand vp, subscribes, is brought to his seate by the Muffty, who puts on his Turban and Roab, girds his sword: then sweares him on the* Mahomets *head, vngirts his sword, offers him a cuppe of wine by the hands of a Christian: Hee spurnes at him, and throwes away the Cuppe, is mounted on the Asse, who is richly clad, and with a showt. Exeunt.*

Chorus. *The accursed Priests of* Mahomet *being set;*
Two Knights present the wretch, who finds no let
To his perdition: to whom nor shame, nor feare
Giue any curbe. Dismounted from that steed
Did best befit the rider: they then read

The Lawes of their d m'd Prophet: he subscribes,
Inroles his name into their Pagan Tribes.
Now weares the habit of a free-borne Turke,
His sword excepted, which least they should worke
Iust villany to their seducers, is deny'd
Vnto all Runnagates, vnlesse imployd
In warres 'gainst Christians. Last, oh be he last
For sweares his name! with what we blush to tell;
But 'tis no wonder; blackes the way to hell,
Who though he seeme yet happy, his successe
Shewes he exchang'd with it, and wretched nesse.
Giue patience to our Scœne, which hereto tends,
To shew the world, blacke deeds will haue blacke ends. Exit.

Enter Dansiker, Sures, three Sailers.

Dans. *Ward* turn'd Turke? it is not possible.
Sar. I saw him Turke to the Circumcision.
Mary therein I heard he play'd the Iew with 'em,
Made 'em come to the cutting off an Apes taile.
Dans. I see the hand of heaven prevented mine,
Death was too faire a guerdon for him. But to the present;
Deseruing sir, I now am to coniure you
By all the offices of friendship past,
By what my future loue, and meanes may stead you,
To vow performance of one small request.
Sar. What ere it be Il'e be as iust to you
As heaven to truth: by all that *Ward* denyed,
I vow me yours.
Dan. I accept your faith: know then that I am bound
Vnto a desperate attempt, how it may succeed,
Heauen and Fate onely know. The circumstance
I do inioyne you further not to enquire.
What on your trust's imposed, is the redeeming
Those two betraid young men, whom *Ward* did sell,
When to his barbarous cruelty they opposed,
And lost themselues, & state: their ransom's heere, *giues him a paper.*
As you proue iust, from all mishaps rest cleere,

Sar. And if I faile to accomplish your desires,
All my sins haunt mee, when my breath expires. *Exit Sar.*

Dans. I am most confident, best sir adew,
If *Dansiker* do liue, he liues to you. *Enter Leifetenant.*
Hast laid the traine to my directions?

Lief. It is done to the vndoing of 'em all,
Time cals aboard which spends not halfe an houre
Before our traine do take it rests to be determin'd
What ships we fire, which beare along with vs.

Dans. Danvils makes with vs, all the rest giue fire to,
Sares ship except, to him we are ingaged,
Nor will we proue vngratefull, are all things ready,

Lief. To your owne wishes.

Dans. Aboard then instantly, *Tunis* fare-well,
Dansiker bids all pyrats now adue.
Hee'l shew you, what you might do, were you true *Exeunt.*

Enter Agar aboue in the window

Ag. How dull a pace keepes time to louers eyes,
And yet to me how swift the nights blacke horse,
Makes way to raise the morne, whose least of light
Takes all my hopes from me and damps me quite, *clock strik*
Eleuen and yet not come, he was not capable
Of my quaint stratageme, or being possest
Of what he wanted, gold, contemns my loue,
It is no other *Agar*, hee loathes thee,
Mans curse is, things forbid, still to pursue
What's freely offered not to hold worth their veiw, *Ent. Gal.*
Ha? vnlesse my credulous eares deceiue me,
I heare one make towards my windowe,

Gall. The coast is cleere, Baude night I do saluto thee
Thou that dost winke at all faults, that hugst so many sinnes in
thy blacke bosome, the Sunne growe's pale to veiw them, to
thee damnations nurse I make my prayer, coniure thee by all
my lustful imbraces thou hast bene witnesse to, by all the cuc-
kolds thou hast made twixt morne and twilight to adde one
to the number, but one thou blacke ei'd negro, neuer did
woman make such shift to dub her husband, though many

thou

thou dost know haue made most bare ones, oh let this instrument that hath so many freed from the hell of Vsurers, and from the iaws of their feare, bandogs, hath paid so manies debts releeue my wants, I'le neuer blame thee, fortune henceforth if I lacke, put thy selfe but this once on my my backe, no false light in the window, no baudy land-marke, no handkerchiefe to wast me, I'le venture it, *Agar*, my louely *Agar*.

Ag. It's hee who in this dead of night cals on my name.

Gall. Thy friend, thy vnderstanding friend, with the ladder of ropes, heere make them sure aboue, leaue mee to the lower parts.

Ag. I hope you meane no wrong sir to me.

Gall. I'le do thee as much right as can be done to one of thy sex, hast made it fast?

Ag. You may aduenture sir.

Gall. He that will not aduenture for such a peece of flesh, were worthy to feed vpon dumplins all daies on's life, nay I will venture, thou warden of the horned liuery, omnipotent *Vulcan*, now set my shafts but right, *He goes vp*
I'le make one freeman more ere it be light. *the rope.*

Enter two Sailers.

1. *Sail.* There's no remedy, that which makes waighting-women puncks, and Captaines panders, that causeth decaied Gentlemen become solicitors, and bankeroupt Citizens Serieants, that makes vs theeues, necessity, that which hath no lawe on's side.

2. *Sail.* We shal haue as little conscience anon in robbery.

1. *Sail.* I, should we rob hospitals, our betters haue made that a monoply, but to steale from a rich Iew it is no more sin then to vnload a weary Asse.

2. *Sail.* By hooke or crooke you will haue it.

1. *Sail.* We were bred in a country that had the charity to whip begging out of vs, when we were yong, and for staruing, manhood denies it, you know what must necessarily follow.

2. *Sail.* Nay make your conclusion.

1. *Sail.* Presse her in a dumbe shew, heere abouts should be

the

the house, great windowes and a little wicket, noble manlike, what's heere a ladder of ropes, S'foot we are preuented, S. *Nicolas* Clearkes are stept vp before vs.

2. *Sail.* Were they ten iustices Clearkes wee would share with 'em.

1 *Sail.* There Maisters would preuent vs for that, yet since our case is desperate, we will put in with 'em.

2. *Sail.* Softly for waking the maids.

1. *Sail.* S'hart, thou art the sonne of a lapland-witch sure, this is the maids chamber, one of them is in a dreame, she fetcheth her wind short I am sure

2. *Sail.* How long thou art poking at it, what is't man?

1. *Sail.* Some light commodity or other.

2. *Sail.* A womans lower part, it is altogether in fashion for them to be light about the bumb indeed.

1. *Sail.* I haue the male part too't, the dublet, your women will haue it euer in request to haue the mans part vppermost.

2. *Sail.* S'hart, a French slop, these are none of the Iewes trouses, and they should be no gallants, for hee hath mony in his purse.

1. *Sail.* I marry sir, this fellow had good ware about him indeed, vpon my life we are little better then bauds, get mony by others Venery, this Iew is a *Enter Iews man.*

Rab. Fire, fire, fire.

2. *Sail.* Water, water, water *Exeunt.*

Rab. Fire, fire, fire, the slaues lie on straw-beds, and yet this cry will take no hold on 'em, fire, fire, fire.

Gall. Flames and brimstone, I am in hell, Zounds my breeches, the ladder, this Iew hath found vs out and fir'd the house.

Ag. Deere sir conteine your selfe.

Gall. A plague on venery, a hot end comes on't still, is the window high enough that I may breake my necke, dye any death rather then be roasted?

Ag. Here's a vault leads to the common shower, it being low-water the sheetes shall let you downe to your escape.

Gall. Those sheets haue brought me low enough already.

Within Fire, fire, fire.

Gall.

Gall. Flames stop thy throate.
Ag. Deere sir aduenture it and saue your life.
Gall. Were it to hell I must,
A plague on whoores say, whose vast desires
Beginnes in watry teares and end in fires. *Exeunt.*

Enter Rabshake *at one dore, and Iew at another.*

Rab. Fire, fire.
Iew. An Ocean ouerwhelme thee, where is the fire slaue?
Rab. At the Iewes house, *Benwash* his house, your house sir:
Exit Rabshake.
Iew. My bags, my obligations, my wife *Agar* I say, I shall runne mad, I will scale the windowes, burne for company, my money and my selfe will go together, what's heere a ladder of ropes, *Gallops* breeches, burne on, burne on, sindge all the world, consume it with thy flames, thou best of elements, burne on I say. *Enter* Ward, *Sailer.*
Ward. As you are men on this side help to saue our goods.
Iew. As you are ministers of Lucifer let it burne on, it's myne owne house, come but on my ground I'le haue my action for't.
Ward. He is distracted, helpe as you are men.
Iew. Dogs, villains, theeues, downe with him that laies a hand a to't, be iust you powers of heauen, and throw thy wild fire downe vpon the heads of these adulterers, roome, roome, roome, I haue it, I haue it, roome, roome, roome.
Ward. The Iew is mad indeed, his losse distracts him, speak gentle friend, doth the fire slacke.
Rab. The house is saued, but all the ships in the harbour Vnquenchable do burne.
Ward. The ships in the harbour.
Rab. Yours onely excepted.
Fransc. My thoughts now haue their ends,
Voad. Do not thou grieue boy, know I loue thee
Thy maintenance shall expresse it, I haue friends
And iewels left for thee, but I hate thee more
Then all thy wealth made me loue thee before *Exit.*
Ward. False woman, thou shalt not shake me off thus

Were all the impudence of thy whole sexe,
All there blushlesse impieties confin'd in thee
I'le moue thy flinty heart to sence and shame,
I will thou sorceres: now I do see to late
There is a hand ore-rules our will and fate. *Exit.*

Fran. This shews the greatest plague heauen keeps in store
Fals, when a man is linkt vnto a whore. *Exit.*

Enter Benwash, Rab. Agar.

Iew. I haue it, I haue it, heere, heer, nay come on, you haue come off I am sure, here's euidence looks pale to thinke but on't, you do not know the tennant to this cottage, hee was an vpright dealer, hee paid mee to a haire, come forward and bee hang'd, I shall aduance you in a ropes name, you haue made no cuckold of me. I made my selfe one, pandred my owne hornes, now sirrah, you that go to't by art, put your cases one in the necke of another, your *rem in re* what thinke you of this case.

Rab. I thinke the serpent crept into a narrow hole, and left his case behind him.

Iew. Then I am a Cornuto.

Rab. This make's the naked truth appeare so.

Iew. The best is, the crest is mine owne, I paid well for't.

Ag. Deere husband pardon me, I will confesse,

Iew. What wilt thou confesse? that thou hast made a meere Asse of me, to pay thy iourney-man wages before hand.

Rab. It should seeme he labour'd hard to earne it, he could keepe no cloathes about him.

Iew. This slaue doth not thinke I'le cut his throate for this, you haue watcht neerely sirrah, you haue.

Rab. Vnlesse I should haue bene their baud, I could watch no neerer, me thinkes she hath done you a great pleasure, rid you of your disease, iealousy, now you need feare no more, you are in possession on't, your doubts are at an end.

Iew. Good, very good, my doubts are at end, but I shall hang you in suspence for this: you Manticora that plumpe vpon raw flesh, here set your hand to this letter, that I may draw your Captaine on againe vpon the breach, I'le blow you

vp.

vp else, why moue you not, I am sure you laid your hand to the businesse when time was.

Ag. Pardon me sir, I know my life is forfeit
To your iust anger, nor will I be the meanes
To shed more bloud, myne shall suffice alone,
Since onely one is wrong'd punish but one.

Iew. She loues him still, I am a cuckold
He has out-gon me, do you heare; subscribe
Moue me no further.

Ag. The worst can be but death, I will not.

Iew. I tel thee I'le forgiue thee, giue my reuendge
Scope but at him, thou art free.

Ag. Sweare it by *Abrahams* dust, the ashes of our fore-fa-

Rab. Dust and ashes it's but a fraile oath. (thers.

Iew. By that, and all that ties a vertuous mind,
I vow and sweare by written writ.

Rab. You'le sweare as much to forgiue me I hope to sir.

Iew. Why, thou shalt be the messenger, nay the actor
In my iust vengeance.

Rab. The hang-man you meane sir, I am expert at it. *Exe.*

Enter Ward *and* Francisco.

Ward. Francisco, what newes man?

Fran. The worst your eares can heare, our ships

Ward. They are vntoucht, of all they are onely safe.

Fran. You dazell your owne eyes, that villaine *Dansiker*
Hath grapled them and fled.

Ward. Whirle-winds pursue him, heauen, seas, earth, all at
Ioyne to his confusion, now I do see too late (once
There is a hand ore-rules our will and fate.

Enter Voad. *and* Alizia.

Voad. I shall then take your promise, your brother being redeem'd, this night I shall enioy thee.

Aliz. This Diamond binds me to't, by this I sweare.

Voad. 'Tis thine I will bestow it on thee, to tie thy faith
Thou hast his ransome.

Aliz. 'Tis heere.

Voad. About it then, now fortune equall proue

I am happy, yet her lust redeemes my loue. *Exit Alizia.*

VVard. Yet see, midst all my miseries I haue a friend,
My constant loyall *Voada*, could what we enioy
Make a man happy, I am not miserable.
Thou com'st to comfort me, I know thou doest.

Vo. This fellow raues sure: do you know to whó you speake?

VVard. Put not a further triall on mee, thou best of women:
Know if this arme were bar'd all other meanes
From hearts of Christians, it should digge thee food.

Voad. We know you are a bloudy murderer, and are repaid
By our iust Prophet, that hates false Runnagates.

VVard. How couldst thou mallice man so much, heaven,
As to create a woman?
Thou hast forgot me sure: oh looke on him
That hath deny'd his faith, sold all his hopes
To purchase thee his bride.

Voad. To match with beggery: know I contemne thee
As a most abiect slaue, and hate thee more
Then all thy wealth could make me loue before. *Exit.*

Fran: What meane you sir? could you expect a good,
A happinesse from hell? she is a whoore.

VVard. Thou liest: this arme shall make it good,
My soule for her I lost, and now my blood. *Enter Rabshake.*

Fra. Your passiō doth transport you, here comes her pander,
One that knowes all her secrets: examine him,
If she stand cleare, let my life answere it.

VVard. Il'e put you to the Test.

Rab. I haue had a hot night of this, nothing but fire in my mouth two houres together: mary the old Iew my maister I heare hath stumbled on a cooler. I thought this Captaine would bee comming so long on vpon the breach hee would breake his necke at the last. This venery is a tempting dish, some mer'e lin licking at it till they burne their lips. Well, I must go comfort vp old *Benwash*, hee's heauy vpon his wiues lightnesse.

VVard. You Iew, a word with you?

Rab. You Turke, I haue nothing to say to you: Ha, ha, ha,

poore

poore fellow, how hee lookes since *Mahomet* had the handling of him? hee hath had a sore night at *Whose that knockes at the backe-doore?* Cry you mercy, I thought you were an Italian Captaine.

VVard. Zounds, leaue your circumlocutions, Il'e send your head to your heeles else.

Fran. You parcell baud, all vsher, answere directly who 'tis beares away the prize in your Mistresses race, or Il'e spoyle your footing, cut you off by the hammes.

Rab. Alas sir!

Ward. Speake, who are her suters?

Rab. Voaders suters? oh sir, a Barbar sir.

Fran. Il'e make you haue need of a Surgian er'e I haue done with you. How do you know hee is a Barber?

Rab. He smels strong of Rose-water, and he hath never mony in his purse but on Saturday-nights.

Ward. What other suiter, slaue?

Rab. Another sweet youth too, I take it a Comfet-maker; and it seemes hath rotten teeth, for he dares not come in sight so long as the Barber's in the way.

Fran. This dogge deludes vs, Il'e teare thy throat out villaine, vnlesse thou instantly name him she loues.

Rab. Her Page sir, the little Christian, the good fac'd Captaine gaue her, *Fidelio.*

Ward. My slaue, the French Ship-boy? (him?

Fr. I saw him leaue her now. How do'st thou kow she loues

Rab. Shee makes him sing bawdy songs to her, lookes fortunes in his fist, & babies in his eyes, makes dialogues betwixt him, her little dogge, & her selfe: lies vpon her backe, puts his hand in her hand, & wrings it till the teares come againe.

VVard. Insatiate monster, could her swolne blood
Reach such a height none but my Page must sute her.

Fran. Containe your selfe a while, this slaue can speake
One of her dialogues.

Rab. It is my practise sir: you shall stand for the Lady, you for her dogge, and I the Page: you and that dogge looking one vpon another, the Page presents himselfe.

Fran. Good.

Rab. The best is behinde sir. *Runnes away.*

Fran. Iew, slaue, dogge.

Ward. The horned Divell follow him. A Skippers boy!
The shame of woman? rather then be baffeld thus
I will betray this towne, blow vp the Castle:
Francisco, do but second me.

Fran. First repossesse your selfe of your strong hold,
I feare some trechery: the Governor
With all the Ianisaries of the towne
I met in their way thither.

War. Blast them ye powers first. The Governor
Make towards the Castle? I am betraid, away,
I see that heaven forgets not though I delay.
Thrust out by Ianisaries?

Ianisa. Packe hence false Runnagate,
Slaue, Beggar.

War. Disgratious vassals, what mountain covers me?
Winke, winke, thou Day-star, hide my guilty shame,
Make me as if I ner'e had beene, whose name
Succeeding times wil curse: should I confesse my sin,
Ther's not an eare that can with pitty heare
A man so wicked miserable: should I beare vp,
Out-looke my crimes, I want meanes to support me.
To dye I dare not, the iawes of hell do yawne
To swallow me: liue I cannot: Famine threats,
And that the worst of poverty, contempt and scorne.
Never on man Fate cast so blacke a frowne,
Vp I am denied to flye, vnpittied downe.
Rest restlesse soule on this accursed soyle,
And teach the world into how sad a toyle
Ambition and swift ryot run, when meane content
Sits low, yet happy: and when their day is spent
All that they get is labour and vnrest, *Enter*
A hatefull graue, and worst, a troubled breast. *Franeis.*

Fra. Where shal I find this most vnfortunat wretch?
There is a part in him cald man, which we should pitty

How

How er'e his merit ſtands, nor will I leaue him,
Though he hath left himſelfe. See where he lyes,
Beſt ſuiting with his fortunes, could we our fate foreknow
Men were as Gods, nor need we haue laine ſo low.
How fare you brother? why with ſo ſad an eye
Do you behold me, that in your miſeries
Beare equall part?

War. Can there remaine a ſoule that will vouchſafe
Compaſſion on me? thou doeſt but flatter,
Or haſt forgot, I haue loſt all, and pouerty
When no ill elſe will doo't, makes all friends flye.

Fran. Were you intitled to no other guilt,
How willing for you ſhould my bloud be ſpilt?
Heere ſir, accept this poore reliefe
Bootleſſe alas diſtreſſe recounts thoſe errors
To thinke what might haue been cures, not the terrors
Of preſent ſuffering.

War. True, true, *Franciſco*, could I redeeme the time,
The world ſhould ſpeake my penitence.
Could I call backe but one ſeven yeares,
Though all my life were ſeruile after,
Were my ſoule but free
From innocent bloud, and fearefull blaſphemy,
On the condition I might liue an age
Tortur'd vpon a wheele.
I tell thee friend,
Were I this Cities Vice-roy, I would giue
My crowne, diſpoyle my ſelfe of all, onely to liue
One month with that content this ſoule did know
When a poore Fiſherman poſſeſt it.

Fran. You are too low dejected.
Men that with ſufferance their wrongs do beare
Are held but weake, and States more oft for feare
Then loue vnto the right, redreſſe mens ils.
Who ſtoutly downe his enemies, malice kils,
Who baſely wounds himſelfe.

Ward. No leſſe then truth, I haue beene too low indeed

Each one the yeelding grasse doth dare to tread
That flies resisting thornes, false *Voada*,
Thy Lambe is turn'd a Lyon, I feele reuendge
Giue a new life to me, I'le onely stay
Till I haue spoke thy brother, I thinke he'le blush
To heare thy shame, tell thee thou hast not plaid
A womans part with me, suppose the worse
That he turne villano to, he had better curse
His grandsirs ashes, if once more I fall in
I'le be vnparaleld at least for sinne.

Fran. Stay see the strumpets loue, *Fidelio*,

Aliz. Captaine, you are the man I seeke, I haue a suit to you.

Ward. Concerning *Voada*, is't not?

Aliz. Concerning her that hates you for my sake
Neglects your merit, this night giues full reuendge
To all her iniuries.

Ward. Repeat that happy word againe, I am wholly thine.

Aliz. Know her vassaliat lust hath long pursued,
And with such violence attempted me,
That with my oaths, this night to sate her heate
I hardly haue delaid her.

Ward. What's this to my reuendge?

Aliz. It follow's, giue me but way
Through your Castle there's a Hollander
This euening makes from hence
That giues them passage.
I haue tied him to't.

Ward. Thou art for euer free, the houre name,

Aliz. I'le speak your worth yet, in spight of fame
About three, watch the word *Fidelio*.

Ward. Auoid suspicion and till then be gone.

Aliz. Nay then my ioyes do flow,

Fran. Whether tends this? what passage, come you for him?

Ward. To heauen I once more must exact
Thy trust and diligence.

Fran. Speake it.

Ward. Make instantly to *Voada*, tell her

This night a skipper doth attend to steale aboard
Her loue *Fidelio*, giue her the houre and place
Wish her to pistoll him.

Fran. Wouldst haue her kill her to.

Ward. I, and runne made for't, meane while I'le walke the streetes I shall meete some will know me to whom I will relate my wrongs, wilt do't *Francisco*?

Fran. My soule to gage.

VVard. This comfort then in spight of hell I'le haue,
VVard went not vnreuendg'd vnto his graue. *Exeunt.*

Enter Chorus.

Chorus *How blacke a path vnbounded riot treads,*
Your gentler eyes haue veiw'd. Our Scœne now leads
To giue him rest, that from his ills had learn't
To know his misery, and at least had earn'd
This lesson from the extreames, that others past
No course that violent is, secure can last.
This clue doth wind him backe, and Dansiker,
The wealth of Tunis, *now is become there feare,*
Strines to redeeme his infamy and with successe,
Makes through their bowels to his happinesse.
No sooner hee arriues in France, *but his sad eares*
Insteed of welcomes entertaine new feares,
The aged Oke that Atlas-*like susteyned,*
The weight of France, *that with his blond regain'd*
Her wasted body, like the Pellican
By one that from his life tooke breath is slaine,
This fatall blow, astonisheth the hopes
Of Dansiker, *and his, to make returne,*
Impossible those fires yet fresh doe burne,
Would threaten them with vtmost tortures heere
To make aboad, they finde themselues beset
With many they by their spoyle made foes, yet
Twixt two extremes they chose the better part
Take land and to the Gouernor present

Themselues and fortunes, shew their act, intent
And pœnitence, their promised pardon, what befell
This shew presents, which words deny to tell.

Enter Gouernour in state, takes his seate, Dansiker *and his followers with ropes about their neckes, their weapons with the points towards them, deliuer their petition, the Gouernour reades and salutes them, put vp their swords, suddenly rush in diuers like Merchants with followers, seeme to threaten the Gouernour, who defend:* Dansiker, *labours betwixt them, seeme pacified, and* Dansiker *sweares by his sword, offer to go out to meete his wife and child, they perswade, he deliuers them to the Gouernours trust. Omnes Exeunt.*

Chorus. *Twixt hope and dread, as suited former merit,*
The Gouernour receiues them giues new spirit
Vnto their drooping hopes, when with the name
Of Dansikers *arriuall, swift wing'd fame*
Brings in the oppressed Merchants, whose spoyle
Had fed his hungry sword, and with their toyle
Made rich his rapines, these craue law, his life
The opposing Gouernour almost ends the strife,
With his owne blood, informes them, the Kings death
Stood onely bar to his safety, that his breath
Would recompence all former inuries,
To approue it giues them notice of the prise
Brought from Tunis, *and more to assawadge their ire*
Dansiker *dare, what act they can desire*
Man to accomplish, to redeeme his peace
And their great losses, all their furies cease.
And with one voyce demand Benwash *the Iew*
As his iust ransome, they need no more renew,
This their request, by oath themselues they tye.
To bring him prisoner, or in the action dye.
No motiues from his wife or child diswade,
This his resolue, suppose he now hath made
His backe returne and in some apt disguise

Attends

Attends successe vnto his enterprise
His end and strange preuention, briefly shew
Designes are mens, their sway the gods do owe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Ferd.

Ferd. This is the place a cold bloud thwarts my heart,
My fleeting soule in her disturbed passion
Proclaims some ill neere, let me suppose the worst
Aliziaes dead, false tongue how durst thou name
So great a mischiefe? alas this bracelet speaks it,
This which I tied vnto her iuory wrist
The witnesse of those vowes confirm'd vs one,
The news of my captiuity tooke all her hopes
And life away, and dying she bequeath'd
This loyall gift againe, with my sad ransome.
'Tmay be this youth may be *Alizia*
Her selfe a prisoner, yet shee's to vertuous,
To out-liue her honour and her chastity,
Which her captiuity must needs indanger:
I heare his foote-steps. *Enter* Ward & Voad.
Voad. We are not far off from the place, softly, softly.
The night is darke and friendly to myne ends.
Ferd. Fidelio, Fidelio,
Voad. 'Tis he would rob me of *Fidelio,*
Ferd. Fidelio I say yong *Raymond* heere
Voad. Shoote. *Ferd.* So I am slaine.
Voad. Thus dost thou beare *Fidelio* back againe,
Ward. Ha, ha, ha.
Ferd. Oh false, false *Alizia* thy watch-words as thy selfe
Deceiuing, didst thinke my slauery
Was not an ill sufficient, but my bloud
Must pay thy falshood tribute, or couldst not wish
So great a plague to me, that I should heare
Thou wert turn'd prostitute, vngentle cruell woman,
Ward. T'is not the boy sure, his voyce, his passion
Speakes him another, more proiects yet, I heare some foot stir.

Aliz. How fearefull is the night, heauen's angry sure,
And hauing drawne the day vp, chid her thus
For giuing light to mens impieties.
'Tis much about the houre of my appoint,
What sad groane wounds my eares, *Fidelio*,
Raymond, friend *Fidelio*.

Ferd. Or rather *Infidelio*, what ere thou art
Thou needst not doubt thy taske, thou hast made me sure,
Or if thou doubts it, here dischardge one bullet more.

Aliz. 'Tis not his voyce, thou liest false thoughts, *Raymond*, *Fidelio*.

Ferd. My name is *Raymond*, that *Fidelio* vniustly murdered.

Aliz. No maruaile though thou thundrest heauen,
And darts thy flashes downe, oh! why is not
This world a vniuersall fire? what one good
Keepes backe thy flames?

Ferd. Oh speake! what art thou? whose sad speech
Makes death stay yet to heare thee.

Aliz. My friend, my *Raymond* by my meanes murdered
I haue liu'd too long, too long.

Ferd. Oh speake! what art thou whose sad accents force
Pale death to stay and heare thee.

Aliz. Alas I am nothing, nothing.

Ferd. As thou hast hope in heauen tell me thy name,

Aliz. I will, my name's *Alizia*, thy constant loyall, loyall friend, that in her passage vnto thee will not be long.

Ferd. Oh saue thy life.

Aliz. Wish me not so much ill, I loue thee better.
Miracle of thy sexe, oh let me imbrace thee yet.

Ferd. Heere, heere, flye hence vaine breath,

Aliz. No other good is knowne to me but death, *moritur*

VVard. Francisco thou'rt a villaine, forgiueneſſe *Voada*,
The words of these two innocents with purple eyes
Dart terrour through me, *Fidelio* turn'd a woman.

Within Follow, follow, follow.

Voad I will rather giue an eare to the blacke shrikes
Of mandrakes, thou knewst I lou'd him

And

And that hath forc't his wound, at sight whereof
Methinkes reflecting heauen should spred it selfe
In a deepe crimsome vaile, blush to haue created
A wretch so monstrous, but my reuendge sleepes, know boy
I will repay thy death, slaue I will famish thee,
And when thy fainting eye-lids gin to cracke,
My satisfied lust, by him most hates thee,
Shall be thy obiect.

Ward. You wrong me to suppose I should be guilty
Of such an impious deed.

Voad. Doth not thy bloud stain'd poniard speake it
With which thy accurst arme did force his breast
His too too gentle breast. *Ward.* Thy selfe be witnesse. *Stabs at him, he beats it backe, and wounds her.*

Voad. That I am reuendge on thee, murder, murder, the slaue will murder me. *Ward.* What meane you wife? *Enter watch.*

Voad. As you are men make rescue of me.

Ward. I am betray'd, out-gon by a shee diuel.

Voad. He hath not onely slaine his innocent page,
But thus assail'd my life, lay hands on him
Deere countrimen reuenge my wrongs, my bloud,
On this false runnagate, I faint, I faint.
Conuey me to a Chirurgion, make him safe. *Ex.*

1. *Offi.* In the Gouernours name I do command you giue your weapons vp.

Ward. S'hart Gentlemen, you know *Francisco* kil'd him, I'le make it good. (page.

2. *Offi.* Wee haue nothing to charge you with about your It is the wounding your wife with an vnlawfull weapon.

1. *Offi.* You haue most vnmanly thrust in a woman.

Ward. Honest friends, Turkes, and Officers, if euer I laid hands on her, may I neuer see light more.

1. *Offi.* We'le take a reasonable order for that, you nere laid hands on her, out impudence away to the dungeon with him.

Ward. S'hart carry me to the Gouernour that I may haue iustice first.

2. *Offi.* The fellow raues, he thinks men in office haue nothing to doe but to giue him iustice, you must first be punisht

A Christian turn'd Turke.

and then talke of iustice when you haue cause.

1. *Offic.* Away with him, he shall know what 'tis to marry into a great Tribe, an honourable Tribe: you vse a great woman as if she were your wife, ye'ar a base fellow indeed. You a Courtier?

Ward. Nay, then I see my end drawes, I shall raue,
Run mad: haue you er'a Bedlam, that I may not famish
But shew trickes to get meate with, or raile against the State:
And when I haue eas'd my gall a month or two
Come out againe. Zounds let me beat hempe,
Doe any thing rather then famish: That death
She hath vow'd me, and Il'e prevent it: allow me
But every weeke a Christian, I am content
To feed vpon raw flesh, if't be but once a month
A Brittaine, Il'e be content with him.

2. *Offic.* Nay then you are mad indeed, away with him.

Ward. As you are true Turkes, I will put you in sureties,
I know the Diuell will prouide me bale,
Rather then loose my imployment: as you are pittifull Turks,

1. *Offic.* Nay then we shall be troubled with you.

VVard. Plagues, pestilences, all fall vpon my head
Rather then by a whoore be famished.
I do coniure you. *Exeunt.*

Scœna vltima.

Enter Benwash, Rabshake, at seuerall Doores.

Ben. *Rabshake?*

Rab. Here sir.

Ben. Is this childe of *Adam* comming yet? hee that will eate of the forbidden fruite though he loose Paradice fort, is he comming.

Rab. As fast as his legges will beare him, considering the vse he meanes to put them to. I haue provided a Caudle to comfort him with.

Ben. That's my deere pretious villaine, how sweet art thou

Reuenge!

Reuenge? the thought of thee turnes all my bloud to aire.

Rab. And your hornes too sir?

Ben. All light *Rabshake*.

Rab. They were begot light, but methinkes they should be heauy in the wearing.

Ben. I will make them abortiues man, smother them in the wombe.

Rab. Though you lop the branches, you will preserue the tree to beare more fruit, I hope, your wife sir.

Ben. She shal downe too, I will let her bloud in a new veine she shall turne vp the white of the eye, and dye the death of a sinner.

Rab. How will you dispence with your oathes sir?

Ben. Tush, by equivocation man, I will not hurt her, but thou shalt by equivocation, behinde the Arras, my deere *Rabshake*.

Rab. That word (by equivocation) lyes on my stomacke, I would be loath it should make me cast vp my gall, I would not haue my throat cut by equivocation.

Ben. The game is rows'd, take thy stand and strike *Rabshake*.

Rab. Strike you sir? you are the keeper, and haue the fees in possession, I haue no mony vpon this equivocation.

Ben. So the houre of my redemption is at hand, for mans worst hell, a whoore.

Gal. You put me to a sweet purgation the other night, 'twas well feare tooke away some of my sences, I had smelt for't else.

Agar. You saw the necessity of it sir.

Gal. You may call it necessity: I thought of the day of Iudgement, and that was more then euer I did in my life before: what with the fire aboue, and the Ram-headed Diuell your husband below, I imagined damnation could not bee farre off.

Ben. Good, excellent good.

Gal. And whither is that golden calfe of *Horeb*, that Iew of the the Tribe of Israel gone, that it is *Inbile* with you

now,

A Christian turn'd Turke.

and then talke of iustice when you haue cause.

1. *Offic.* Away with him, he shall know what 'tis to marry into a great Tribe, an honourable Tribe: you vse a great woman as if she were your wife, ye'ar a base fellow indeed. You a Courtier?

Ward. Nay, then I see my end drawes, I shall raue,
Run mad: haue you er'a Bedlam, that I may not famish
But shew trickes to get meate with, or raile against the State:
And when I haue eas'd my gall a month or two
Come out againe. Zounds let me beat hempe,
Doe any thing rather then famish: That death
She hath vow'd me, and Il'e prevent it: allow me
But every weeke a Christian, I am content.
To feed vpon raw flesh, if't be but once a month
A Brittaine, Il'e be content with him.

2. *Offic.* Nay then you are mad indeed, away with him.

Ward. As you are true Turkes, I will put you in sureties,
I know the Diuell will prouide me bale,
Rather then loose my imployment: as you are pittifull Turks,

1. *Offic.* Nay then we shall be troubled with you.

VVard. Plagues, pestilences, all fall vpon my head
Rather then by a whoore be famished.
I do coniure you. *Exeunt.*

Scœna vltima.

Enter Benwash, Rabshake, at seuerall Doores.

Ben. *Rabshake?*

Rab. Here sir.

Ben. Is this childe of *Adam* comming yet? hee that will eate of the forbidden fruite though he loose Paradice fort, is he comming.

Rab. As fast as his legges will beare him, considering the vse he meanes to put them to. I haue provided a Caudle to comfort him with.

Ben. That's my deere pretious villaine, how sweet art thou

Reuenge? the thought of thee turnes all my bloud to aire.

Rab. And your hornes too sir?

Ben. All light *Rabshake.*

Rab. They were begot light, but methinkes they should be heauy in the wearing.

Ben. I will make them abortiues man, smother them in the wombe.

Rab. Though you lop the branches, you will preserue the tree to beare more fruit, I hope, your wife sir.

Ben. She shal downe too, I will let her bloud in a new veine she shall turne vp the white of the eye, and dye the death of a sinner.

Rab. How will you dispence with your oathes sir?

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Ben. Good, excellent good.

Gal. And whither is that golden calfe of *Horeb*, that Iew of the the Tribe of Israel gone, that it is *Inbile* with you now,

now, all open?

Agar. Hee is rid to the *Goletto* about taking in a commodity.

Gal. And in the meane time thou wilt vtter one at home, I am thy Merchant Wench, and will deale with the by wholesale.

Ben. Rather by retaile sir, retaile.

Gal. Where is your *Pim Rabshake*, taking a nap at the staire foot, committing sin in conceit, whilst we are at it in action? hath he the two qualities of an Vsher, a good eare, and to indure cold of his feet? haue you giuen him instructions?

Ben. I see how it did worke, I se ele it.

Rab. Hee'l make the old Iew beleeue I was his wiues bawd.

Gal. The slaue was borne Pander, his mother was a Midwife, and then he must needs be bawd to set his mothers trade aworke.

Rab. You will grone for this anon sir.

Ag. I pray you sir sit downe, a small banquet sir.

Gal. Provocatiues and whetters on? one licorous thing drawes out another. Who will not sweare Venery is a sweete sin now? *Bacchus* and *Venus*, two Gods, the Divell is farre enough off then.

Iew. You are deceived sir, he is at your elbow.

Rab. Is *Dunne* in the mire? for old acquaintance sake wee'l dragge you out sir: you are in travell, I am the sonne of a Midwife, Il'e helpe to deliver you.

Gall. It cannot be, I am in a dreame.

Rab. A good beleefe doth well; were I in your case, I should be past dreaming: but Il'e cast you in a slumber sir.

Iew. You must bee at your sweet meates: cannot Mutton serue your turne, but you must haue sauce to it?

Gal. This Whoore hath betraid me: now she hath wrung what she can out of me, she hanges me vp for a dryed Neats-tongue. She is an insatiate Whoore sir, hath intic'd me by the Pander your man: I was chaste before I knew her sir.

Rabsh. Beleeue him not sir, he is a meere Goate, looke on

his

his beard else.

Agar. You may see by his haire hee is a man of hot Liver; he came over me with such violence I had not the heart to resist him.

Iew. I beleeue you wife, I beleeue you, and thou shalt iustifie it to his teeth before the greatest Divell in hell. *Rabshake* giue her a *Mittimus*, strangle her.

Agar. Haue you forgot your oathes sir?

Iew. I sware as I was a Turke, and I will cut your throat as I am a Iew.

Agar. Villaine, keepe off, I say.

Rab. You should haue said so when time was Mistresse.

Agar. Thou betraiest thy selfe slaue, makest way to thine owne destruction.

Iew. Stop her throat, I say, giue no eare to her.

Agar. I do confesse my sin, I haue wrongfully betraid thee.

Gal. I find my selfe in bonds for't Lady, it is some comfort yet, that I dye not vnreveng'd.

Iew. Thou speakest charitably. Is she gone? is her lust satisfied now?

Rab. Do a woman to death, and she will bee satisfied, nothing else will.

Iew. Now for you M. *Gallop*: you gaue it me with tilting, and I will returne your curtesie.

Gal. Saue my life sir, and I will be your slaue, sell my selfe in open market, brand me.

Iew. That were *Lex talion* indeed, one marke for another: but it will not serue the turne. Haue at you.

Rab. Ha, ha, ha, how the Oxe goares him. *Kils him.*

Gal. 'Sdeath villaines, trecherous villaines, the plague, pox.

Rab. He died a true letcher, with the pox in his mouth. Why this was valiantly done sir, in single opposition.

Iew. why now my brow begins to smooth. How lik'st this Tragedy, *Rabshake*?

Rab. Rarely, if it do not proue a Tragedy to vs sir, i'ts but a Comedy hitherto: the setting off is all.

Iew. Tush, the best is behind man: doe'st thinke I doe not

beare a braine about me? Beware a polititian, man: heere, binde me, binde me, hard, hard.

Rab. I mary sir, I like this well, a man may trust you when your hands are tyed behinde you.

Iew. I cannot choose but laugh to thinke how happy I am in my proiect: it will amaze thee when thou hear'st it *Rabshake*, wee shall so gull the innocent world, laugh at the silly world.

Rab. If you gull me now, Il'e giue you leaue to make mummy of me: what's next sir?

Iew. Heere, take this dagger, stabbe mee an ynch into the breast and arme.

Rab. Do you call this gulling of the world?

Iew. I cannot but laugh at the gentlemans lecherous voyage to *Lucifer*: there, there. Now *Rabshake* let me binde thee.

Rab. How? binde me?

Iew. Thou art not capable of the mistery, thou art shallow *Rabshake*.

Rab. I doe not desire to wade deeper in I thank you sir, I am no polititian, beare no braine about me sir; yet I can diue into a knaues pockets as well as any man, your worship knows.

Iew. What doest thou meane by this?

Rab. To rob you as I am a Turke, & cut your throat as I am a Iew, you haue forgot your equivocation; Il'e chop logicke with you. Come, your rings, your chaine: do you not laugh? haue you not gul'd the world fairely?

Iew. Thou hast mistaken me: know thou art all my care.

Rab. And you would be rid of me, I conceiue you sir, though I am no polititian: I haue seene the play of *Pedringano* sir, of *Pedringano* sir.

Iew. Deere *Rabshake*, vpō my knees I do intreat thee heare me.
For whom haue I tane thought, out-watcht the night
Out-toyl'd the day, but for my *Rabshake*? what friend,
What kinsman, what heire had I but *Rabshake*?

Rab. Yes, you meant I should haue beene your heire.

Iew. Nay, thou shouldst haue had all in possession, my purpose was to haue liu'd a private life, done penance for my sins,

and

and given thee all.

Rab. You would haue parted with this chaine, these rings and gold:

Iew. They are thine own, on whom should I bestow thē else?

Rab. And you haue a trick to come off cleere with this businesse.

Iew. In spight of iealousie, without suspition man: you being bound, your head thrust in this circle, as if tied vp for starting, I had cried out theeues, murder, rais'd the street, transferd the act vpon some stranger.

Rab. And I should haue beene your heire.

Iew. Thou wrongst me to make question of't.

Rab. If I should try him, it is beyond my compasse if hee out-saile me: this chaine and gold is mine.

Iew. 'Sfoot my selfe too.

Rab. For once Il'e try you: heere binde me, if you do outreach me, Il'e ner'e trust Iew more.

Iew. Heere, heere: Is thy head in?

Rab. It is sir.

Iew. Haue I caught you? are you in the noose? you haue seene the play of *Pedringano* sir, Il'e play with you.

Rab. 'Sheart I am your slaue sir, I did it to make your worship merry.

Iew. Tush, you are my heire, Il'e hang you vp a airing.

Rab. As you are a man heare me sir.

Iew. You must haue your chaines, you shall be chayn'd, I could euen cracke my sides with laughter. This will affoord me mirth vnto my dying day. The play of *Pedringano*? how the weesell hangs! Ha, ha, ha. Theeues, theeues: Murder, murder. I shall betray my selfe with laughter. Were you caught Rynard? are you in the noose? Murder, murder, thieues murder.

Enter Muffty, Mulli, and Officers.

Mul. Breake ope the doores, the voyce speakes from this roome.

Iew. Murder, murder, murder.

Muff. Inhumane deed! what hand could be so bloudy?

Mul. Speake, who was the murderer?

Iew. Helpe me to a Surgean.

Muff. Runne for a Surgean. Tell by what monster was this act (so full of horror) done?

Iew. Three strangers rusht in suddenly, wee being at supper, all my seruants forth, saue honest *Rabshake*: and hauing rifled vs, did act this horride murther.

1. *Off.* Here is a Surgean.

Muff. The Prophet *Mahomet* reueale the homicides.

Enter Gouernor, other officers, Sare, Ferd. Alb. Danziker disguis'd.

Gover. What moues these out-cryes?

Mul. Behold a bloudy murder, *Benwash*, his wife,
This Captaine, and his seruant.

Iew. My honest seruant, honest *Rabshake.*

Dans. Benwash murdered? he hath saued me a labour.

Gov. Is there any hope of life in him?

Surg. His wounds are sleight sir, onely his faint-heart makes them dangerous.

Gov. Take courage man, Speake, hast thou any knowledge of the Murderers?

Muff. Onely he sayes they are strangers, men of the sea.

Sar. Canst thou remember in what habit, what men of person and complexion they were?

Dans. What meanes the slaue to eye me so?

Iew. That fellow in the stammell hose is one of them.

Gov. Lay hands on him.

Dans. On me? Villaine, thou buy'st my bloud
At a deere rate. O thou immortall God
Who know'st my innocence! that for his former sins
Hast guiven vp *Danziker* into the hands
Of these damn'd miscreants.

Omn. Danziker?

Dans. I *Danziker*, that would with all your deaths
Haue cancelled his former infamy,
Left to the world a president of valour,
Writ in your sad confusions: but heauen is iust,
Christians did fall by me, by slaues I must.

Gov. Call forth the common Hangman, by this time he hath done

done his office on *Francisco*. *Dansiker*? vnlook't for?

Iew. Heare me before I dye, I do confesse
Mine owne hand did these murthers. *Dansiker*
Hath iustly done me vengeance.

Gov. How's this? thou done these murthers thy selfe, being bound and hurt? Thou rau'st sure.

Iew. I did them sir: the cause my wife prou'd false, vntrue,
Beare witnesse, though I liu'd a Turke, I dye a Iew.

Omn. Out Dogge, Divell.

Gov. Vnheard of Monster! Cast his loathed carkasse
Vnto the common aire. Never did day discover
Two such inhumane Caitifes, stretch out his armes,
You haue your traines and fire-workes, apply your Torches
Vnto his breast. Wee'l know what proiect now
Lead you vnto this second venter.

Dans. I will confesse it willingly: It was to haue conueid
This Iew from hence, haue made a massacre
Of the whole Towne, dasht out the miscreant braines
Of your yong Infidels.

Muff. And art not sorry, Dogge?

Dans. Yes Dogge, I am sorry, and confesse my crimes
Preuented such a merit: I was not worthy
To do heaven so good a seruice.

Gov. Pull off his hatefull flesh, digge out his heart
By peece-meal.

Muff. Wilt thou turne Turke, and saue thy soule yet?

Dans. Yes Pagan, villaine, I will. Forgiuenesse heauen,
Let my example moue all Pyrates, Robbers
To thinke how heavy thy reuenging hand
Will sit vpon them. I feele thy iustice now,
Receiue my soule, accept my intended vow. *Moritur*.

Gov. So, convey his hatefull body to the same place,
The Iew doth lye vnburied.

Enter at seuerall doores Voad and Ward.

Voad. Iustice, let mee haue Iustice, worthy Gouernour.

Ward. Giue her no eare, she is all woman dissimulation.

A Christian turn'd Turke.

I am a Turke, and I do craue the law.

Turk. He hath wounded heere a Turke, a Lady, and
We craue sentence according to his merit.
He may receiue the Bastinado, pay a fine.

Ward. Pay a fine, what fine, from one that's famished,
For want of a poore asper, set me to sea againe,
The tenth of what I'le bring you in, shall connteruaile
The reuenew of the Indies.

Gou. The slaue is mad, we'le send you far enough,
Lady depose the for't, you shall haue iustice.

Voad. By our great Prophet *Mahomet*.

Ward. You do me wrong, let me in priuate speake to her
Ere she betray my life, it is no lesse
Then your owne law affoords me.

Turk. The weakenesse of her body brookes it not.

Gou. How say you *Voada*, can you affoord him speech?

Voad. I'le giue his vaine words hearing, though to much (paine
Oh my deepe wound let all remoue from hence.

Ward. Had she a heart of brasse I'de pierce it, leaue vs all.

Voad. Now sir your motion,

Ward. Wherein hath my desert stro'd so much ill
To straine thy hate, to this a high beyond,
What we seeme malice, I lou'd that face so well
To purchase it I exchang'd my heauen with hell.
And to be bar'd what I so deerely paid for,
I'st not a plague sufficient? but thy faith
Must now be sold, to be a vengeance greater,
To pay me vngratefull hire, canst thou behold
These eyes stroke inward, as asham'd to view
The fires which first betraid them, this mind, body,
That doth conteine a soule more blacke and dismall
Then is the rauen night, these armes, that haue so oft
Made to thee rules of loue, now famished
For want of what thou surfets on, canst without teares
Behold my miseries?

Voad. Ha, ha, ha.

Ward. Prodigy of woman, dost laugh?

Voad.

Voad. This is true musicke, could I inioy these tunes
My selfe would be thy Iaylor.
Ward. Why then thy wound is not dangerous?
Voad. A meere scratch, know that I am reueng'd
Of my *Fidelios* death, and as thy tortures
Each houre increase, so shall my harmony
Till vengeance period giue vnto thy destiny.
Ward. I will discouer thy hypocrisy.
Voad. You are preuented, help, I sound, I fall.
Ward. As low as hell there keepe thy festiuall.
Gou. Hold murderous villaine, all tortures man ere knew,
Shall be inflicted on thee.
Omn. Inhumane dog.
Ward. Ha, ha, ha, I laugh at you.
Here's a preseruatiue, against all your poysons
True Balsamum for villany,, who will soare high
First lesson that he learn's, must be to dye.
Heres precedent for him, you're slaus of *Mahomet*
Vngratefull curs, that haue repaid me thus
For all the seruice that I haue done for you,
He that hath brought more treasure to yuor shore
Then all *Arabia* yeelds, he that hath showne you
The way to conquer *Europe*, did first impart,
What your forefathers knew not, the seamans art;
Which had they attein'd, this vniuerse had bene
One Monarchy: may all your seed be damn'd
The name of *Ottaman* be the onely scorne
And by-word to all Nations; may his owne slaues
Teare out the bowels of the last remaines
Vnto his bloud-propt throne, may ye cut each others throates.
Or may, oh may the force of Christendome
Be reunited, and all at once require
The liues of all that you haue murdered,
Beating a path out to *Ierusalem*,
Ouer the bleeding breasts of you and yours.
Omn. Vnheard of monster.
Ward. Lastly, oh may I be the last of all my country

That.

That truſt vnto your tricheries, ſeducing
All you that liue by theft and Piracies,
That ſell your liues and ſoules to purchaſe graues,
That dye to hell, and liue farre worſe then ſlaues,
Let dying *Ward* tell you that heauen is iuſt,
And that diſpaire attends on bloud and luſt.

Omn. Downe with the villaine.

Gou. Teare the wretch peece-meale, throw his accurſed limbs
Into the raging bowels of the ſea.
His monument in braſſe wee'le thus ingraue,
Ward ſold his country, turn'd Turke, and died a ſlaue.

Epilogue.

WHo writes and thinkes to pleaſe the generall eare
Whereeyes and eares are fed, ſhal find he hath pla
His worke with the fond Painter, who did mend
So long, that ſtriuing to pleaſe others, gaue no end
To his owne labours; for vs, and if not all
We know we haue pleaſed ſome, whoſe iudgements fall
Beyond the common ranke, to whom we humbly yeild
Our ſelues and labours, they beſt deſerue to ſheeld
The worthy workes of Time, and with their view
To grace choyce Pennes, and ſuch we hope are you,
To whom we owe our toyle, and willing giue
All right in this, your fauour makes it liue.
Stand faire vnto our ends then ſtill, and crowne
With gentle hand this worke which now's your owne.

FINIS.